No. 2

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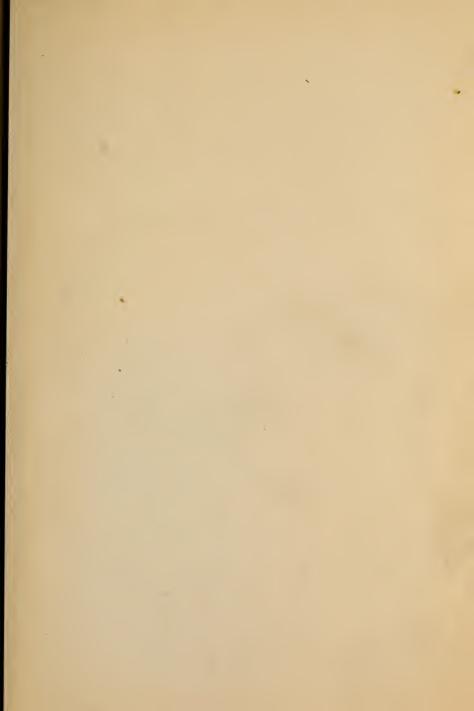
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

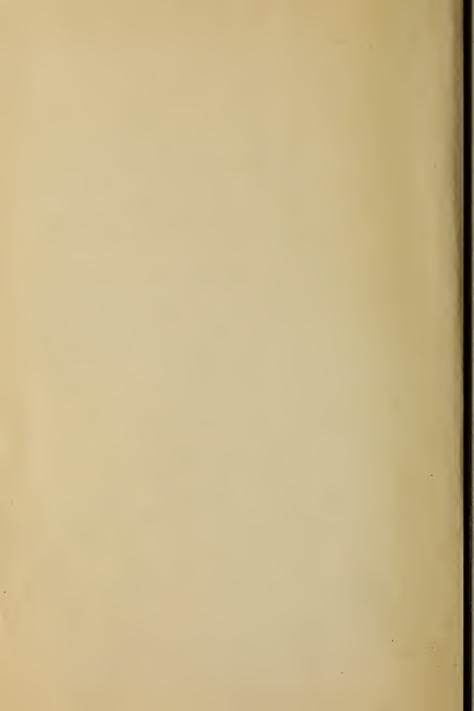
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(LIVING HYMNS No. 2)

FOR USE IN

The Sabbath School

Christian Endeavor Meetings

The Prayer Meetings

The Brotherhood Meetings

The Church and Home

COMPLED BY JOHN WANAMAKER

IN LARGE PART FROM HYMNS BEQUEATHED TO HIM BY THE LATE

JOHN R. SWENEY, WHOSE LAST WORK WAS THE

PREPARATION FOR THIS BOOK

Philadelphia—JOHN J. HOOD—1024 Arch St.

Chicago: 52 Michigan Avenue

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PREFACE



HOSE who know LIVING HYMNS will welcome LIVING HYMNS No. 2.

If the object in publishing it were only pecuniary profit it would have been issued long ago, because of the popularity and large sale of the first book.

But LIVING HYMNS is too good a book to hastily supplant. It will not wear out, and its use will still go on, with the new No. 2 LIVING HYMNS as a valuable supplement.

This new book, complete in itself, contains, with some of the dear old hymns, the last thoughts and tunes that were in the brain and heart of John R. Sweney, that master singer of his time.

As the latest days of his beautiful and blessed life were spent in the preparation of LIVING HYMNS No. 2, it is the child of his heart, born when he was not far from the City of Endless Song.

While thinking and praying and whispering these songs the good man was lifted up nearer and nearer to God. So may this memorial-book be uplifting to all who use it.

Mrs. JOHN R. SWENEY, Executrix,

JOHN WANAMAKER,

John R. Sweney's Intimate Friend.

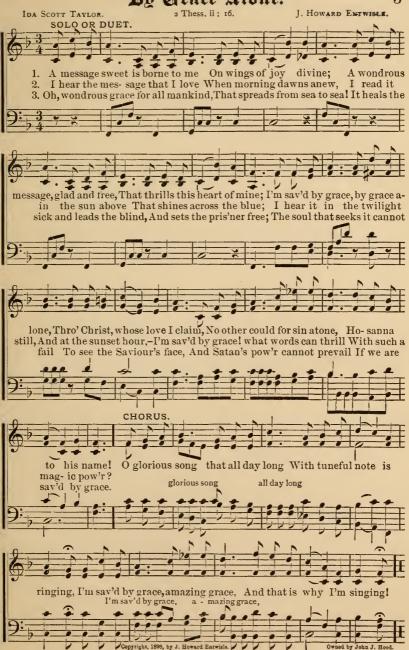
EW LIVING - YMNS.

Wait On the Lord.

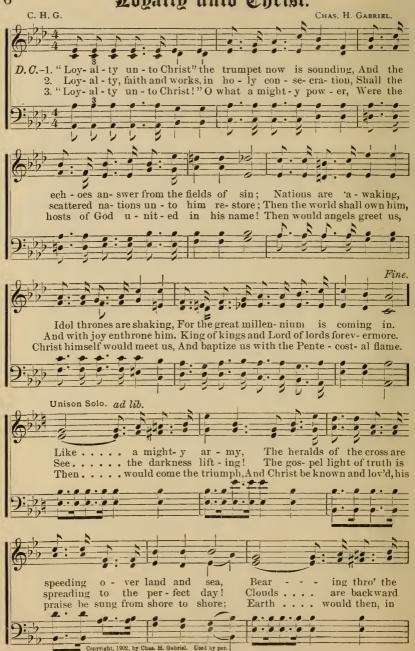


4 Come Boldly to the Throne of Grace.





Loyalty unto Christ.



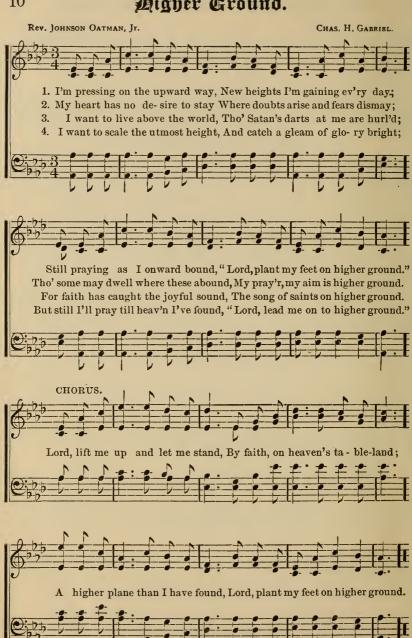
Loyalty unto Christ.



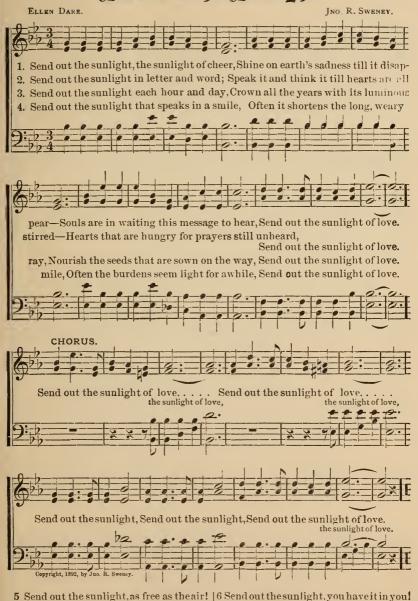


Tegus of Natareth, etc.—concluded.





Send out the Sunlight.

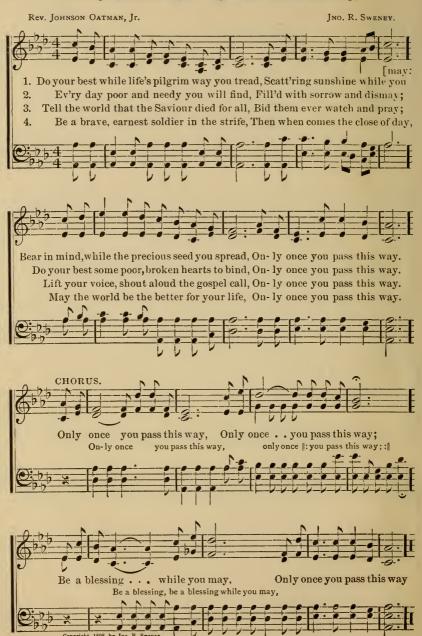


Blessings will follow with none to compare, [spair!

Blessings of peace, that will rise from de-Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Sendoutthesunlight, you have it in you! Clouds may obscure it just now from your view; [come true,

Pray for its presence! your prayer will Send out the sunlight of love.



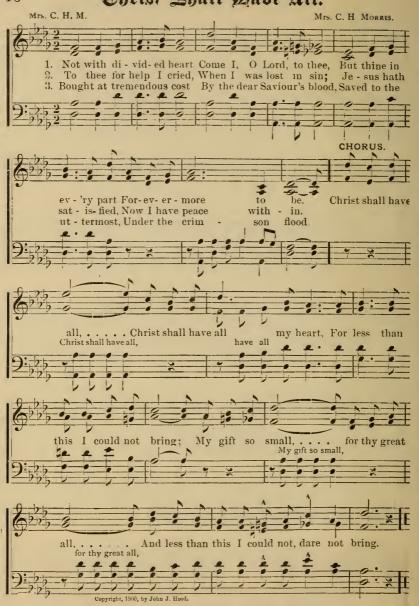
Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.



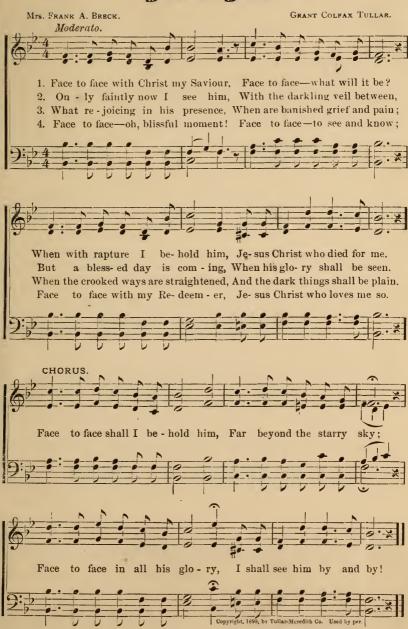




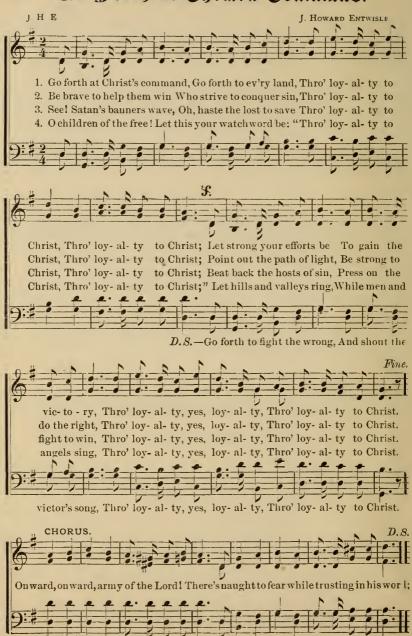
Christ Shall Have All.

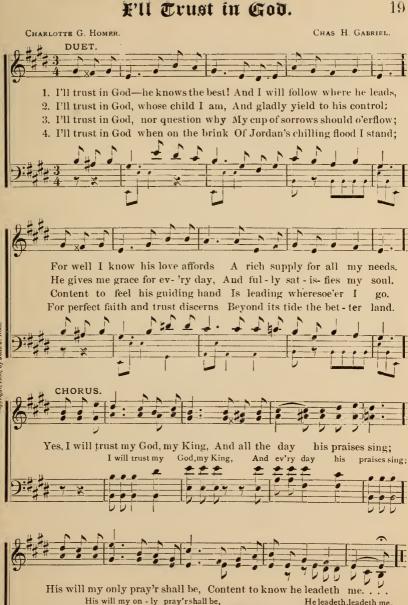


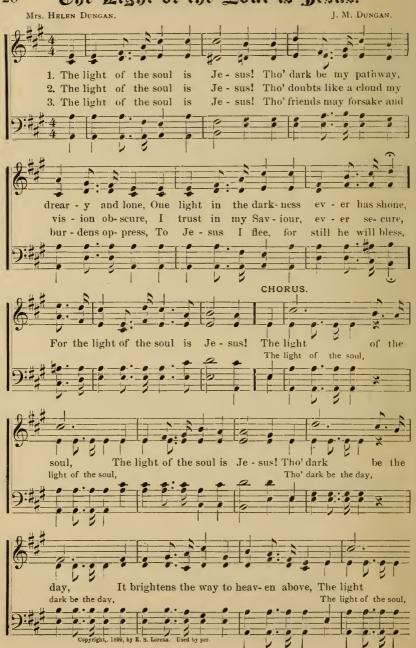
4 Dead to the world and sin, Upward my feet shall press; Alive to Christ my Lord, And to his righteousness. 5 Yet more of love bestow,
More of thy grace impart,
And cause to overflow,
With gratitude, my heart.



Living Hymns, 2-B

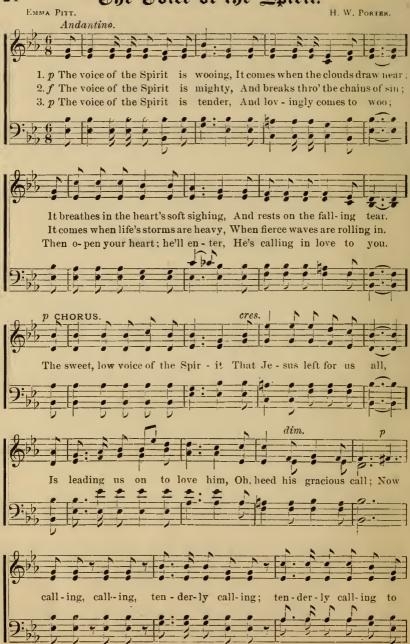




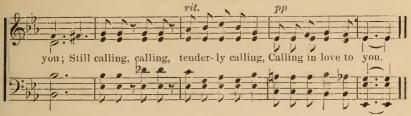






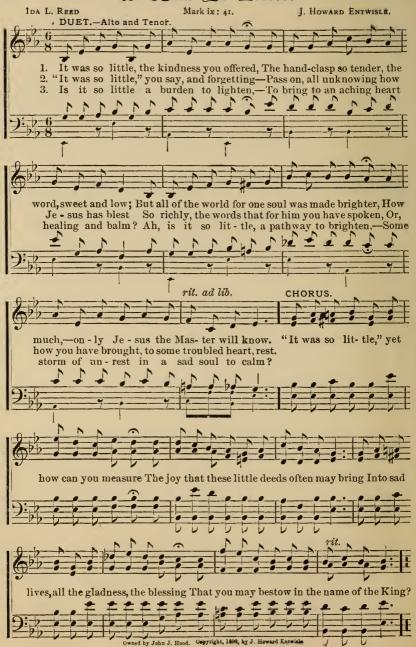


The Voice of the Spirit.—concluded.





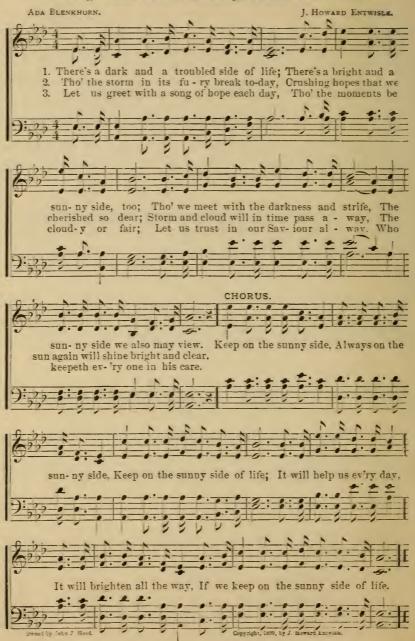
Kt Was So Little.



Just as F Am F Come to Thee.



28 Reep On the Zunny Side of Life.



Transformation.

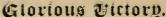


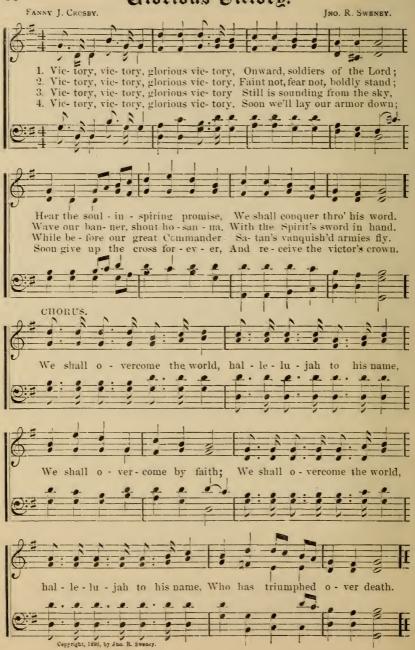
5 Hallelujah, what a Saviour! Half his love was never told; I have found his kingly favor Richer treasure far than gold.

Copyright, 1885, 1897, by John J. Hood,

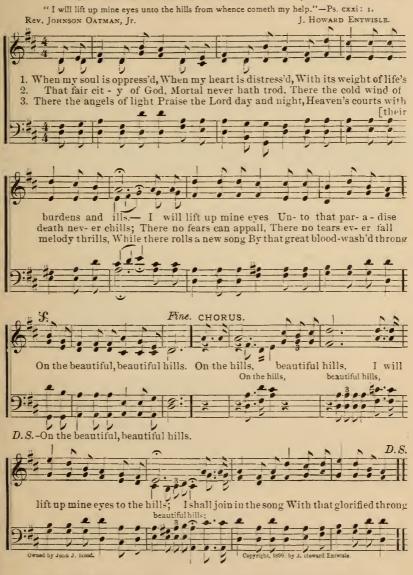
- : Praise him, O my ransomed soul, While eternal ages roll.:
- 6 Oh, that all who hear the story For themselves would taste and see: Come to him; his banner o'er thee Everlasting love shall be.

: To thy weary soul be given Rest on earth and rest in heaven. :



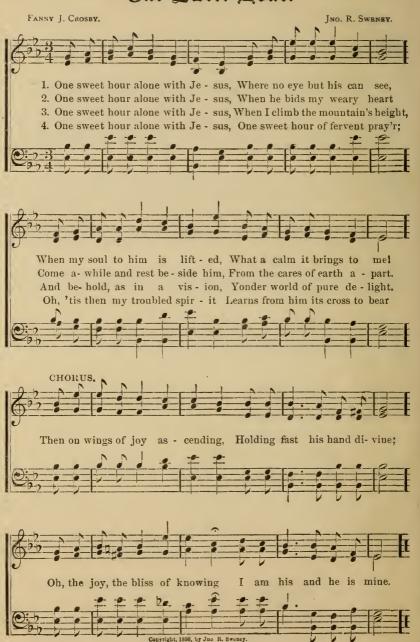


The Beautiful, Beautiful Wills.



- 4 Where my dear ones await, Just inside the pearl gate.
- I shall go when my dear Father wills, Then what joy there will be, When each other we see
- On the beautiful, beautiful hills.
- 5 There they never have night, For the Lamb is the light,—
- All the land with his glory he fills; Soon he'll call me to come, And with him rest at home On the beautiful, beautiful hills.

One Sweet Bour.





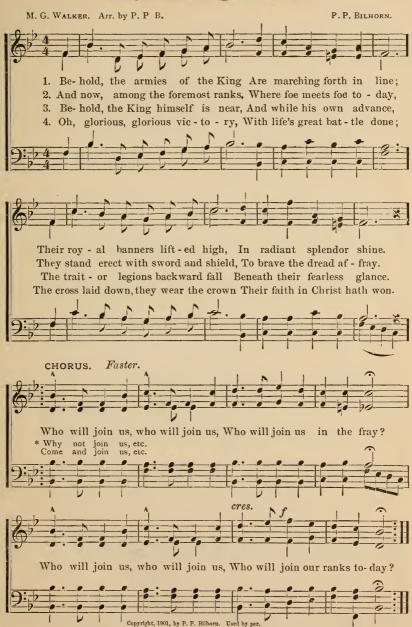




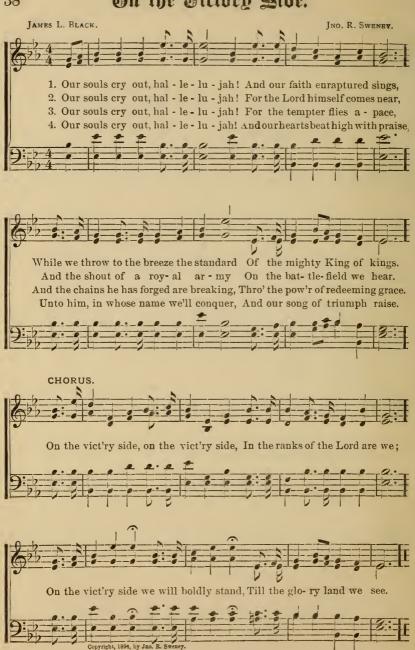


4 It brings a message full of love,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
A message from the throne above,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
The Spirit now invites you, "come!"
The Saviour calls, "no longer roam!"
The Father pleads, "my child, come
Hallelujah! grace is free! [home!"

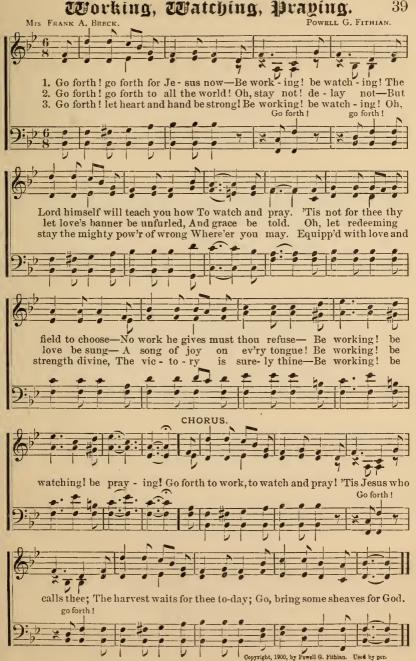
5 The conflict o'er, at God's right hand,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
Redeemed from every race and land,
Hallelujah! grace is free!
We shall behold him face to face,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Who died to save our sinful race,
Hallelujah! grace is free!



* Can use the words "Why not join us," or "Come and join us."







O Why Stand Be Kole?

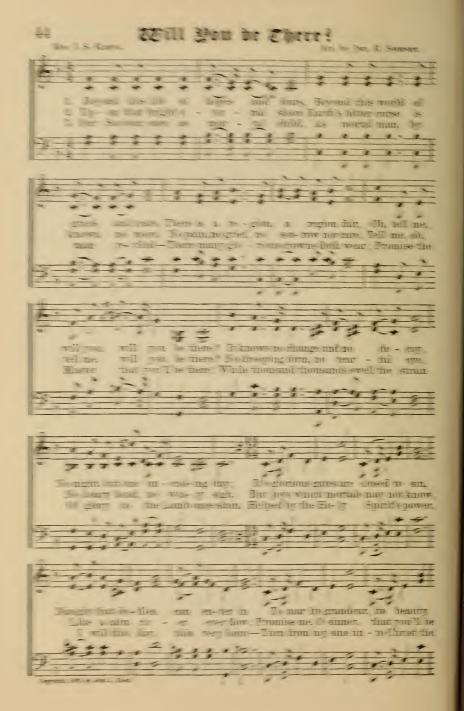


The Quiet Bour. 41 Matt. vi: 6. Psalm civ: 34 Rev. GEO. P. BEARD. B. FRANK BUTTS. Communion with my Fa - ther, In calm and qui - et hour,
 When storms are fierce a-bout me, And sorrow's bil - lows roll, hour, 3. Oh, leave life's noise and tur- moil, And seek the qui - et sweet and rich in blessings, And Spirit's gracious pow'r:— He speaks in hear the Mas-ter gen-tly Speak peace un-to my soul; When heart is he who sees in se - cret May give thee spir - it- pow'r; There find your tones so gen-tle, He hears my humblest pray'r, In se-cret of his presence sore with anguish, And eyes are dim with tears, A qui - et hour with Jesus strength in weakness, And gird your armor on, Then forth to life's great conflict CHORUS. I feel my Father's O Father, Spirit, Saviour, Fill us with care. Will banish pain and fears. Till vic - to - ry is

thine own pow'r; Oh, lead thy loving children To seek the qui- et hour.









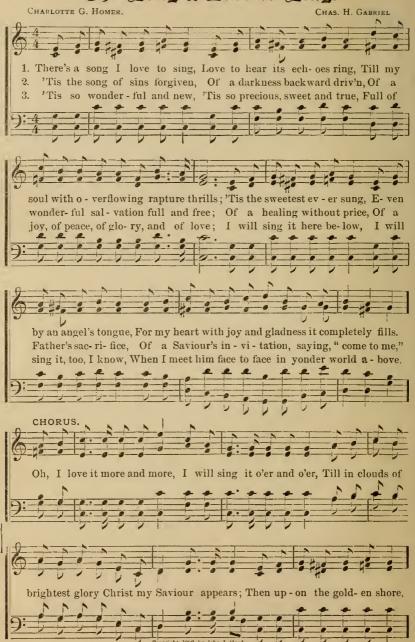
2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;

Alpha and Omega be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

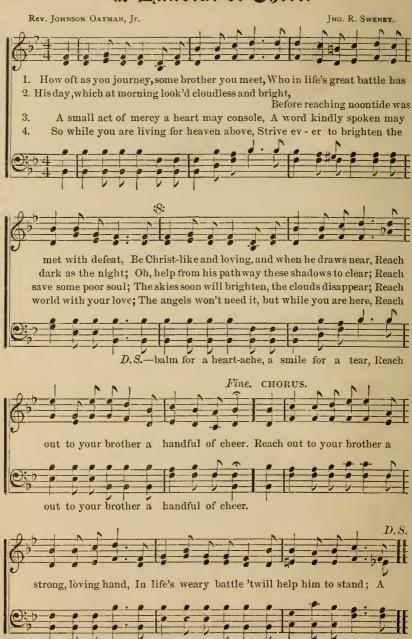
3 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

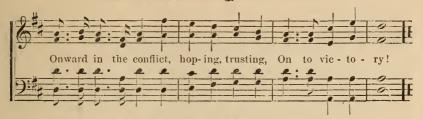


The Song & Love to Sing.—concluded. 47 With the saints forever more, I will chant the chorus thro' e - ternal years. Lead Us, Saviour. ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL. Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, With thy gently guiding hand; Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, Without thee a - far we roam; Lead us thro' the joys and sorrows Of an un - seen future land. Lead us thro' the storm and darkness, To the light and peace of home. Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, Safe-ly guide our wand'ring feet; Lead us on to lands of beauty, Pastures green and meadows sweet.



Rev. GEO. P. BEARD. B. FRANK BUTTS. 1. Beauti-ful cit-y, the home of the blest, Beauti-ful mansions where 2. Beauti-ful angels around the white throne, Beauti-ful children for-3. Beauti-ful service of worship in song, Beauti-ful fam - i - ly--4. Beautiful greeting when friend meeteth friend, Beautiful meeting that wea-ry shall rest, Beau- ti - ful riv - er of life, nev - er ev-er our own, Beau-ti-ful saint-ed, en-robed in pure white. perfect - ly Beau-ti-ful bar-mo-ny-liv-ing in love, one. day, with no shadow of night, nev - er shall end, Beau- ti - ful REFRAIN. Beau-ti-ful streets of the pur-est of gold. Oh, it is beauti-ful! Beau-ti-ful Saviour, re-fulgent with light. Beau-ti-ful scenes that a- wait us a - bove. Beau- ti - ful vis - ion, e - ter- nal - ly bright. "eye hath not seen," Neither hath ear heard the heavenly theme: Oh, it is beauti- ful! all I have seen, Thrilling my soul with the heavenly theme. Copyright, 1900, by John J. Hood. Living Hymns 2-D

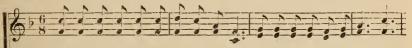
Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,



My Living Redeemer.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



- 1. Oh, what a Saviour in Jesus I've found, Christis my living Redeemer;
- 2. Life ev er-lasting is his to im-part, Christis my living Redeemer;
- 3. Strength for his service, and balm for all ill, Christ is my living Redeemer;
- 4. Je-sus is victor o'er death and the grave, Christ is my living Redeemer;





Loud let his praises for-ev-er resound, Christ is my living Re-deemer.

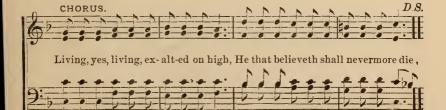
Trusting in him, there is joy in my heart, Christ is my living Re-deemer.

Je-sus my Saviour abides with me still, Christ is my living Re-deemer.

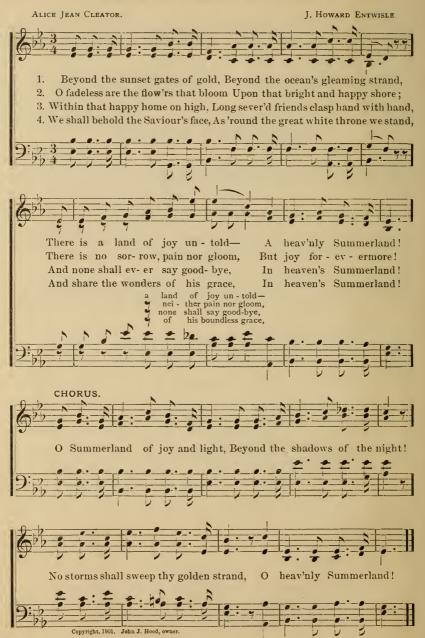
Now he is reigning, almight-y to save, Christ is my living Re-deemer.



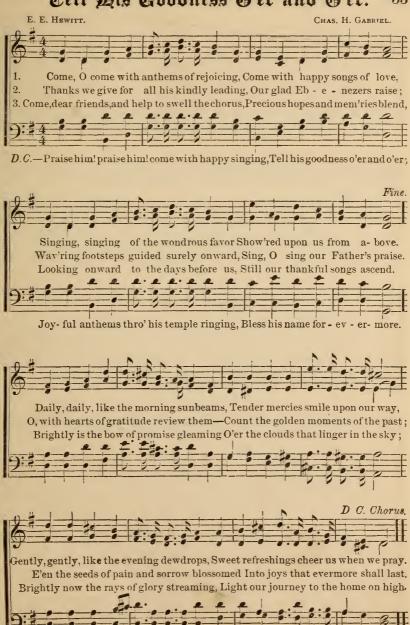
D. S.—Oh, what a meeting will come, by and by, Christ is my living Re - deemer.



The Meavenly Summerland.



Tell His Goodness G'er and G'er.







God? The love and compassion of Jesus thy

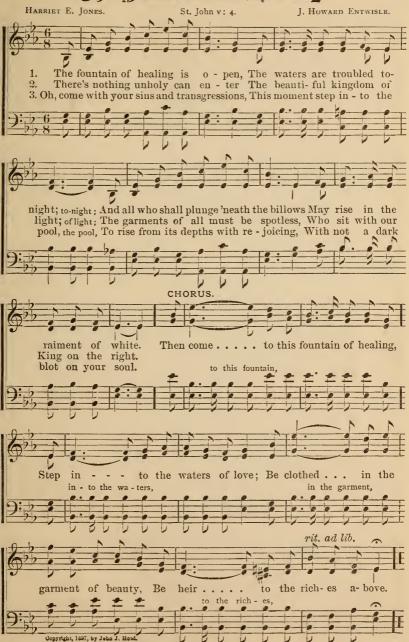
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse [oning blood? To wash and be cleansed in his pard-

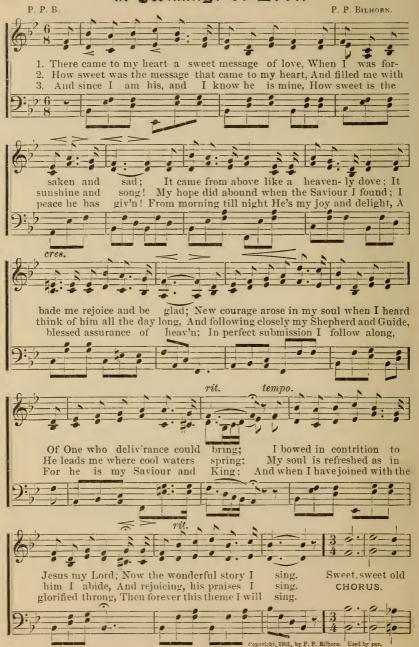
2 Delay not, delay not; why longer a- | 3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of [his sad flight, Long grieved and resisted, may take And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race.

To sink in the vale of eternity's night,



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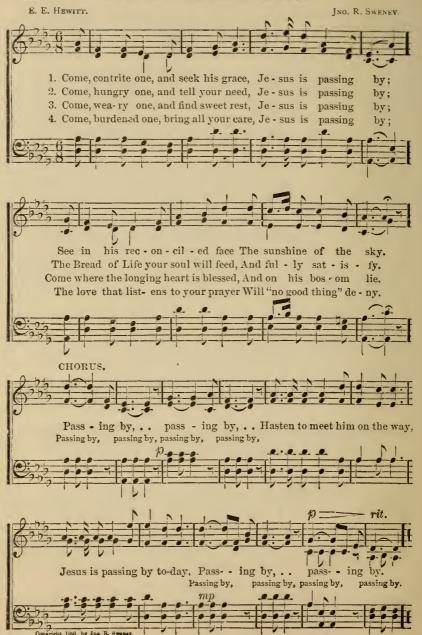








Jesus is Passing By.



He Careth for Me.

"Cast all your care upon him; for he careth for you."-1 Peter 5: 7. REV. W. C. POOLE. Anna G Lambert. It comes to me ev - er in sor- row and woe, At rest, or wher-It comes to me ev - er when Sa - tan is near, And from his dark It comes to me e-ven in night's lonely hour, And when I am 4. Let this be my pleading before the white throne, When I for the be. My Saviour's sweet promise, it comforts me so, He pow'r sets me free; Behind this blest refuge no harm need I fear, He This blessed assurance, it gives me great pow'r, He on bended knee, No mer - it have I, but Je-sus, thy Son-He Judgment shall be; CHORUS. e - ven like me. He car - eth for me, bil-lows roll, Let wild tempests rage, safe will be my soul. Supreme withthis tho't shall be, Whatev-er be-tide, he careth for me.

Copyright, 1902, by John J. Hood

F Love the Lord.



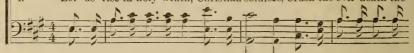




Do you slumber in your tent, Christian soldier, While the foe is spreading
 Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian soldier? Are not heavens turn'd to

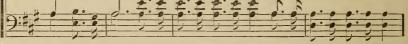
3. Can you linger in your tent, Christian soldier? Satan's smiling o'er your

Can you linger in your tent, Christian soldier? Satan's smiling o'er yourLet us rise in holy wrath, Christian soldiers, Crush the evil 'neath the





woe thro' the land? Do you note his rising pow'r Growing bolder ev'ry hour? hells by hispow'r? Mark you not the mother's sigh? Hearyou not the children's cry? idle delay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you counsel and debate; heel of our might! Counting cost no longer wait; Forward, manhood of the state,



D.S.—Tho' our numbers may be few, God will lead us grandly thro',



Will he not our land devour while you stand? Let us a-rise, all unite! See you not their loved ones die ev'ry hour? Heed you not their awful fate as they stray?

For in God your strength is great for the right!



And our arms with strength endue by his might,



Let us a - rise in our might! Let us a- rise, speak for God and the right!



Make the Moments Count for Jesus. 67







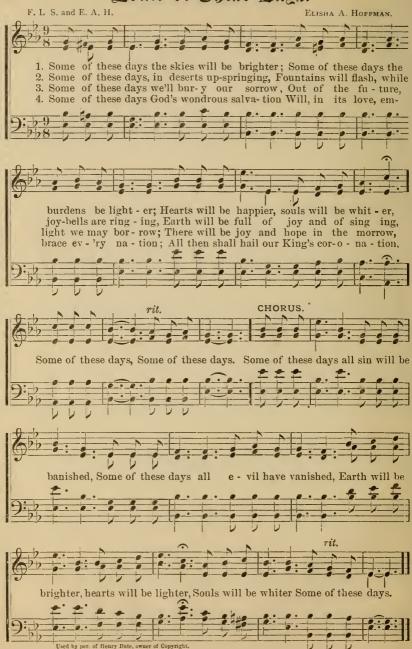






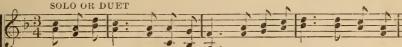






In God's Own Time.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we obnson Oatman, Jr. faint not."—Gal. vi: 9. J. HOWARD ENG Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. I. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



- If o'er thy way dark clouds are cast, Look up with faith till they are
- 2. Has thou pray'd long and fervent-ly, And yet no an swer came to
- 3. Look up with joy, nor long- er weep, Thy God will ev 'ry promise





past, The sun will surely shine at last, In God's own time, in God's own time. thee? Thy pray'r will sometime answer'd be, In God's own time, in God's own time. keep, And thou wilt yet the harvest reap, In God's own time, in God's own time.





Then do not fear, tho' dark the night, But rise on wings of faith sublime,





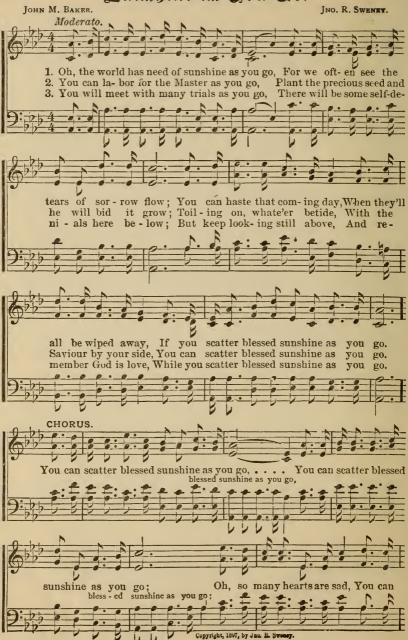
For ev'rything will come out right, In God's own time, in God's own time. yes, ev'rything will come out right, In God's own time.



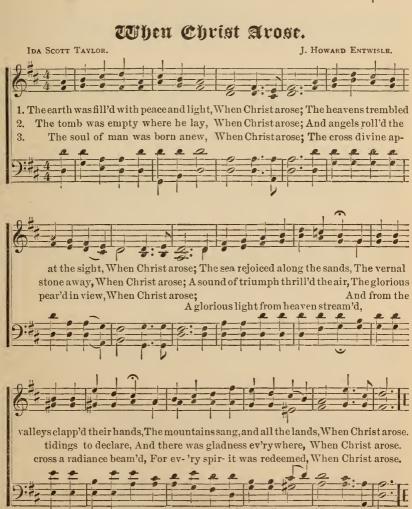
4 'Tho' thro' the glass thou can'st not see, | 5 And would'st thou be forever blest? And wonder why some things must be, Yet thou wilt know each mystery, In God's own time, in God's own time.

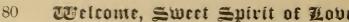
Just trust in God and do thy best, Then thou shalt enter into rest,

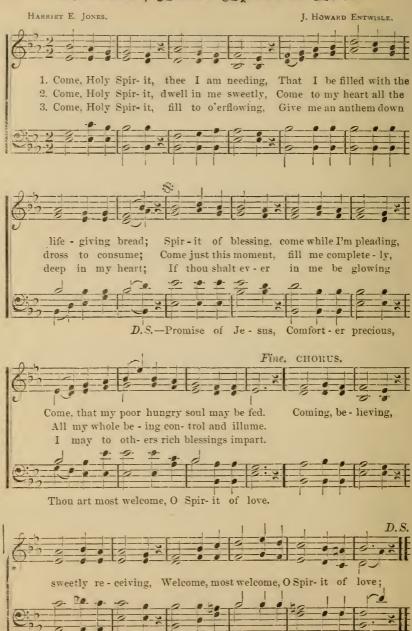
In God's own time, in God's own time,



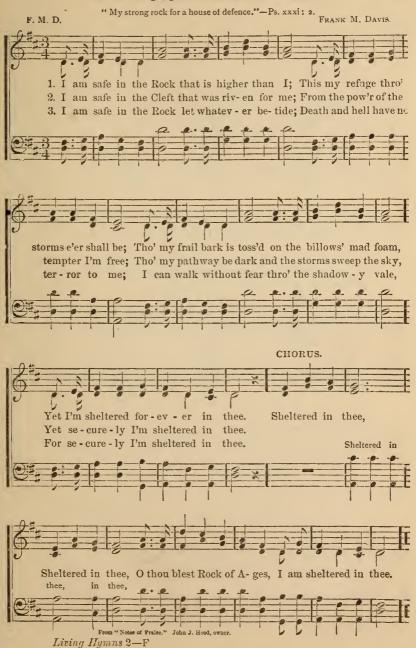


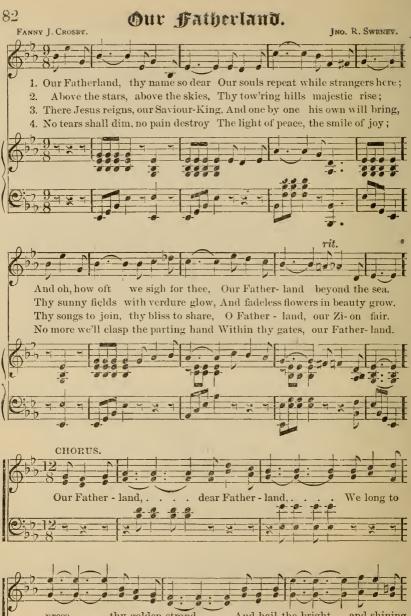






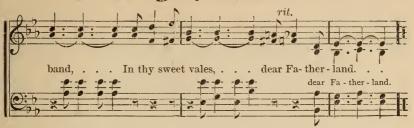
Kam Sheltered in Thee.



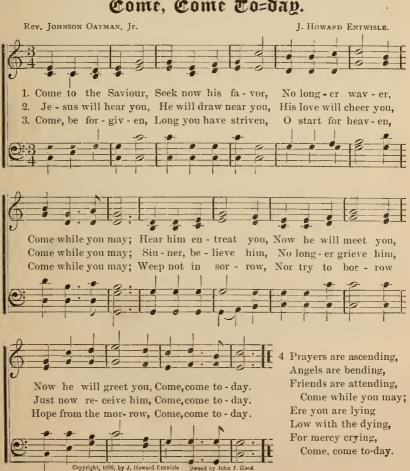




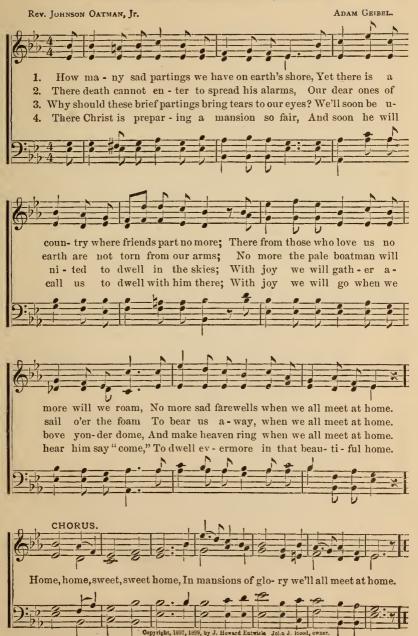
Our Fatherland .— concluded.



Come, Come To-day.







K Know that My Redeemer.

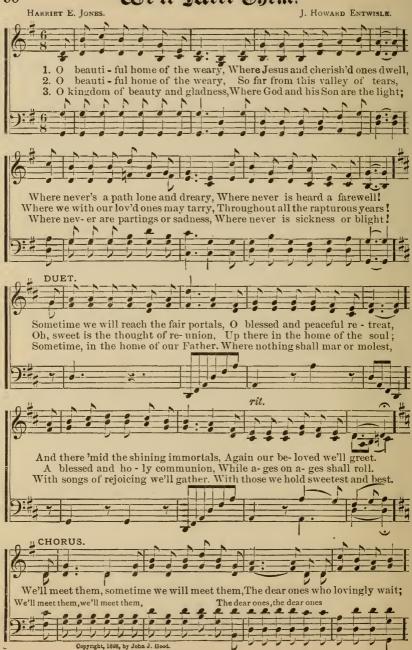


Aust Beyond in Eden.



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4 I need thee ev'ry hour; Teach me thy will; And thy rich promises In me fulfill. 5 I need thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy One;Oh, make me thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

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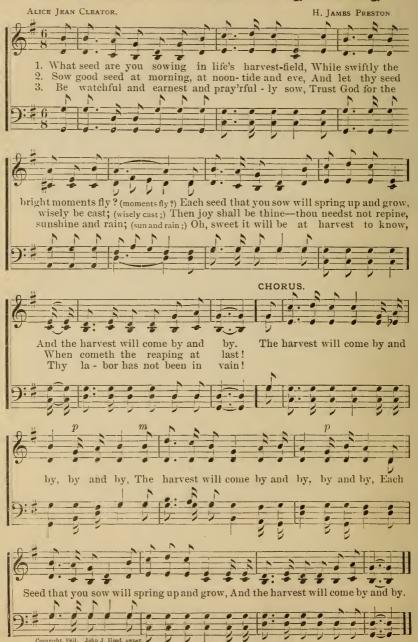


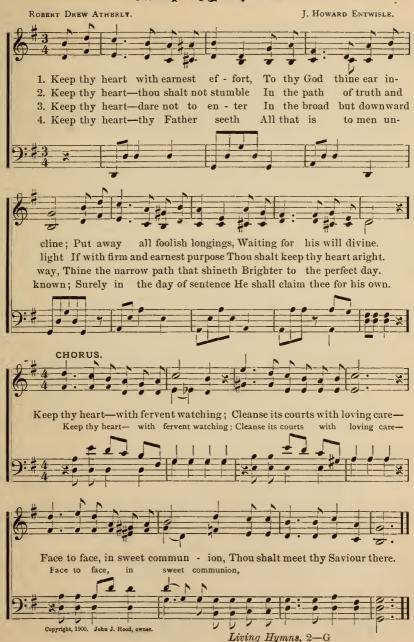


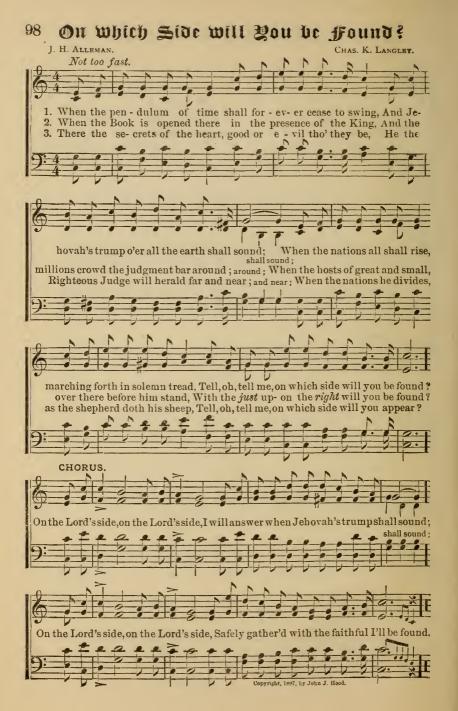




96 The Harvest Will Come By and By.

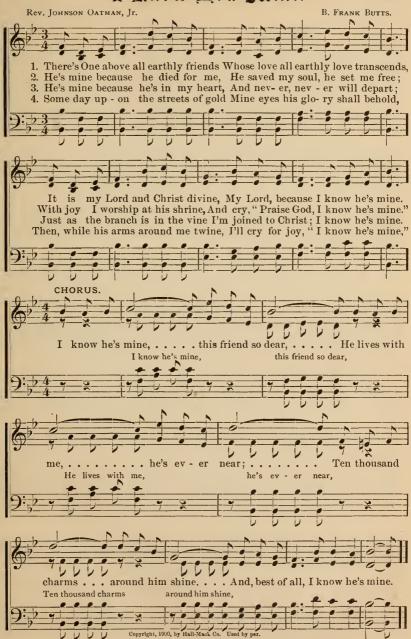


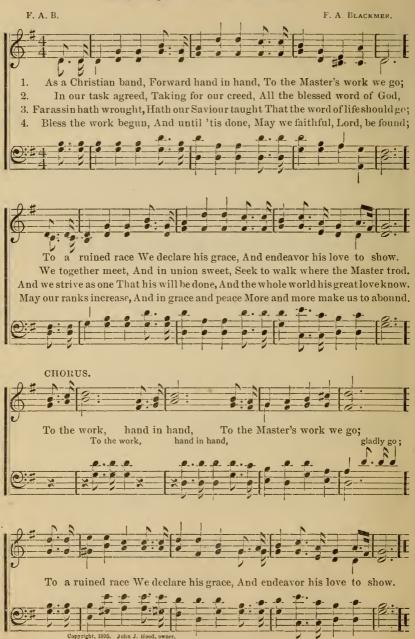




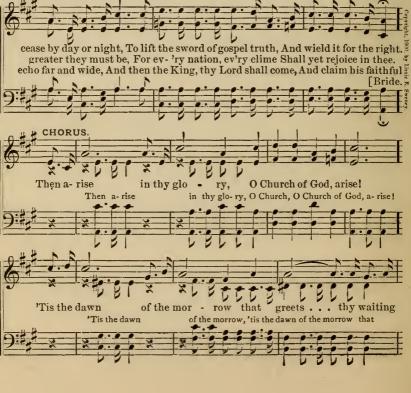




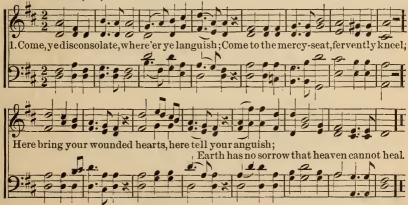












2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure." 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; [knowing

Come to the feast of love; come, ever Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.



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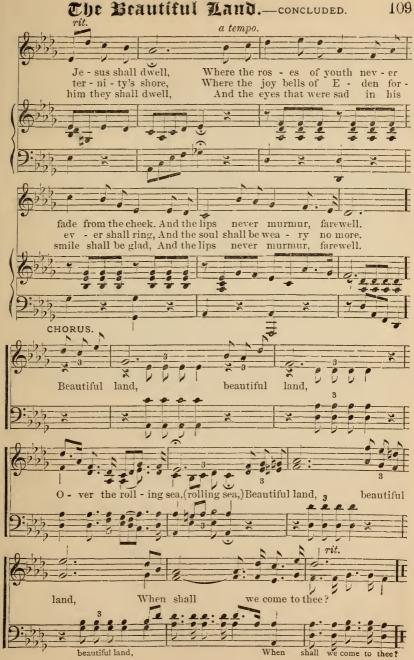
Scattering Precious Seed.





Copyright, 1890, by Jno. R. Sweney.

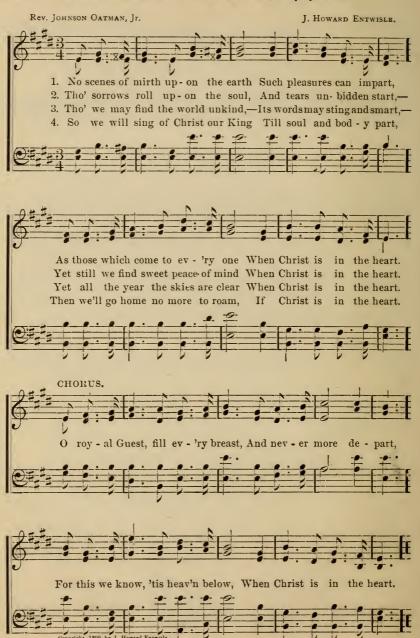






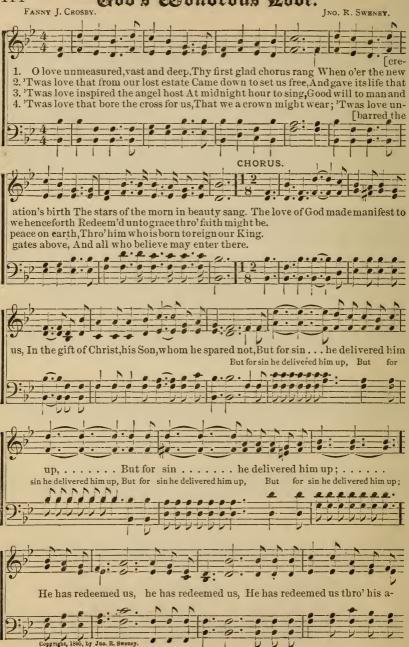


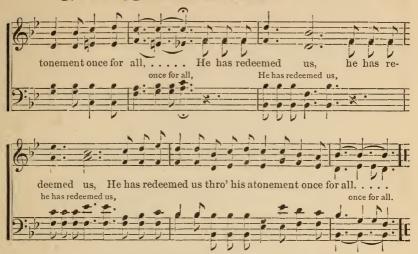




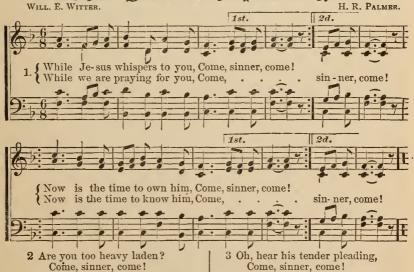
Rev. D. W. GORDON. JNO. R. SWENEY. . 1. When from the scenes of earth we rise, To find our home beyond the skies, 2. The storms of life will all be o'er, Our souls be tempest-toss'd no more, 3. Redeemed from sin and saved by grace, We shall behold his blessed face, 4. With him in glo - ry e'er to stay, Where founts of living waters play, What visions then shall greet our eyes, When we shall be with Je - sus! When we have reach'd the golden shore, For we shall be with Je - sus. The wonders of his love to trace, As we shall be with Je - sus. And sorrow's tears are wiped a-way, For-ev - er - more with Je - sus. To be with Je - sus, O how sweet! With saints and angels at his feet, With songs we shall each other greet, And ev - er be Living Hymns 2 -H

God's Wondrous Love.





While Jesus Whispers to You.



Come and receive the blessing.

While Jesus whispers to you.

While we are praying for you,

Come, sinner, come!

Come, sinner, come!

Come, sinner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

Jesus will bear your burden,

Come, sinner, come!

Come, sinner, come!

Come, sinner, come!

Jesus will not deceive you,

Jesus can now redeem you,

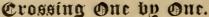


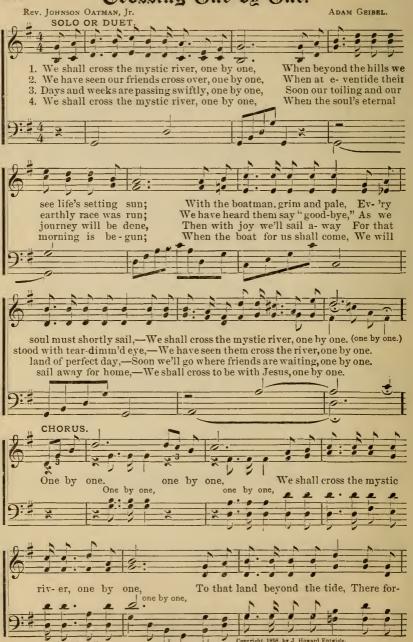


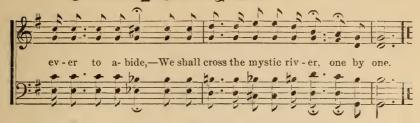


The Gracious Redeemer.

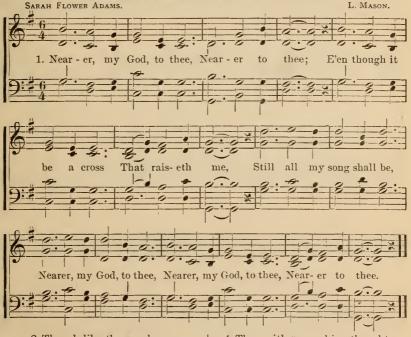






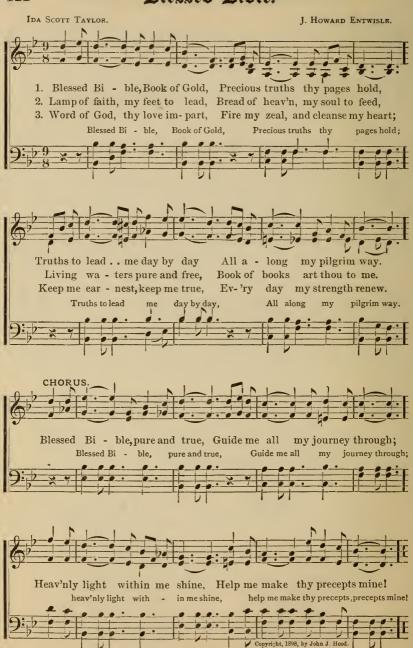


Mearer, my God, to Thee.



- 2 Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given, Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

Blessed Bible.





CHORUS.

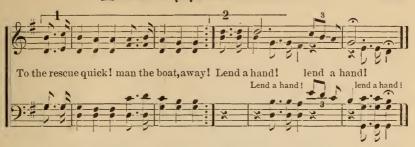
hand! lend a hand!

Lend a hand! lend a hand!

Lend a hand! lend a hand! lend a hand!

Oppright, 1897, by Jno. R. Swener

3

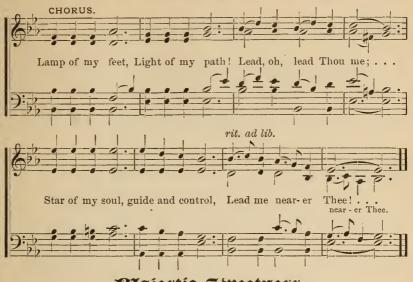




Lamp of My Feet.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet "-Ps. cxix: 105.



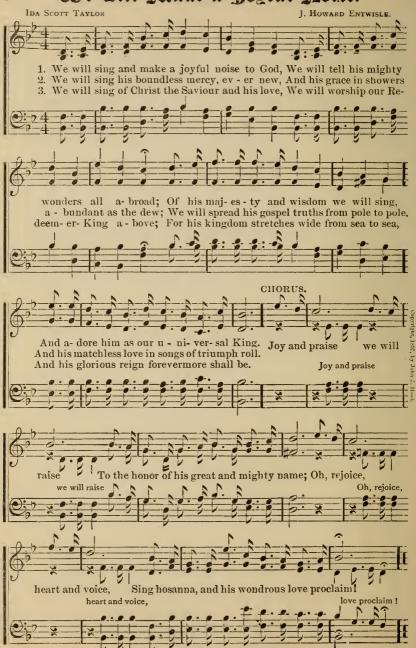




- He flew to my relief;
 - For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
 - He makes me triumph over death, He saves me from the grave,
- Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine,
 - Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine.

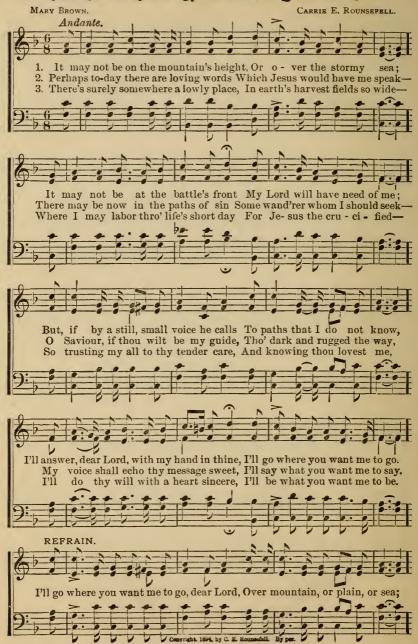








132 Kill Go where You want the to Go.

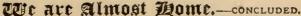


K'll Go where You, etc.—concluded.



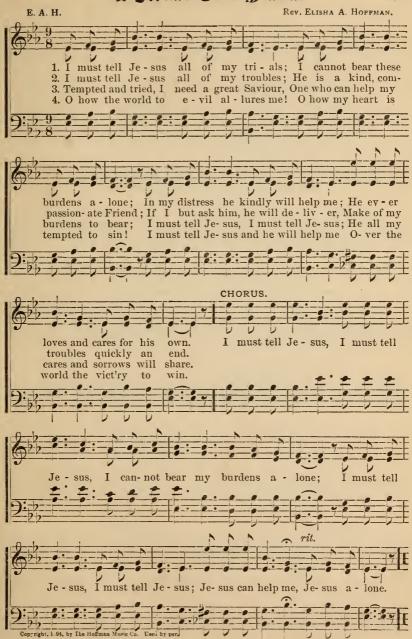








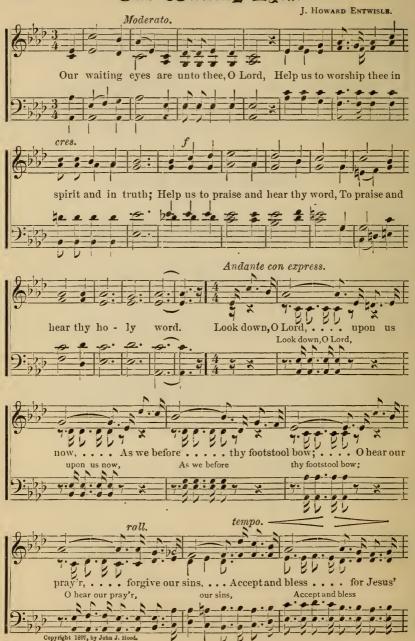


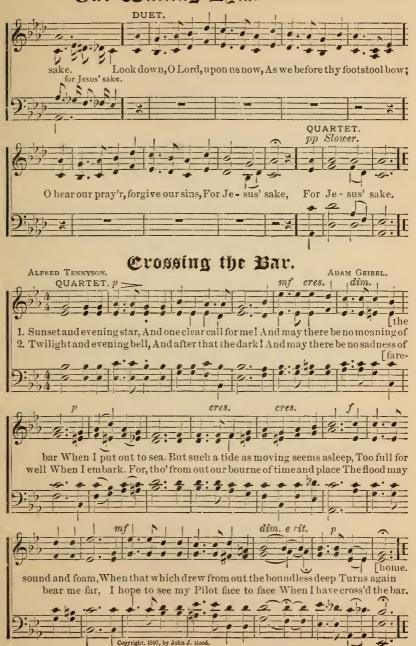


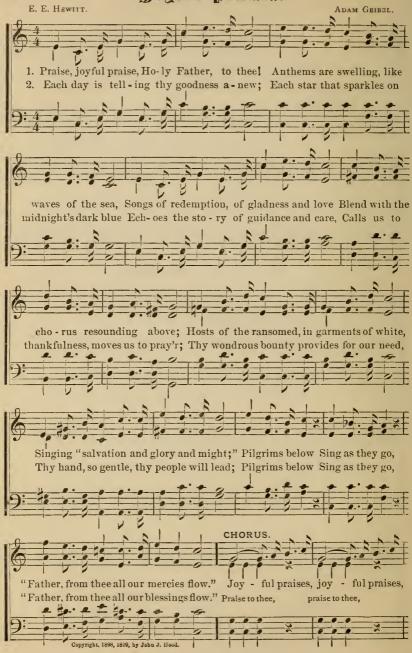










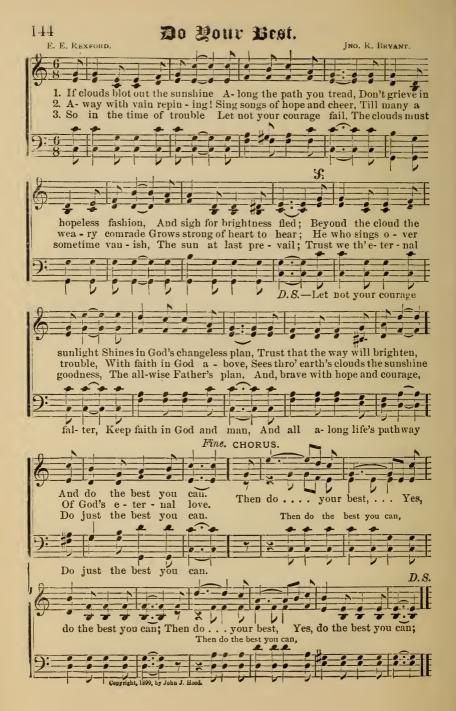




The Lord is my Shepherd.

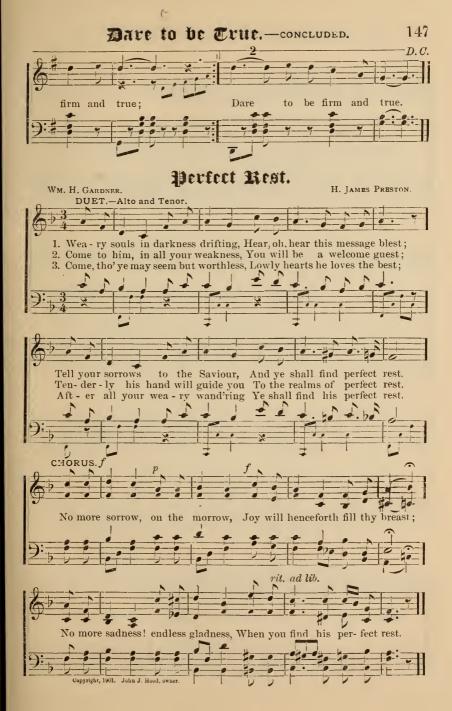


- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want. | He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
- Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- | ev- | er. || A- | men.

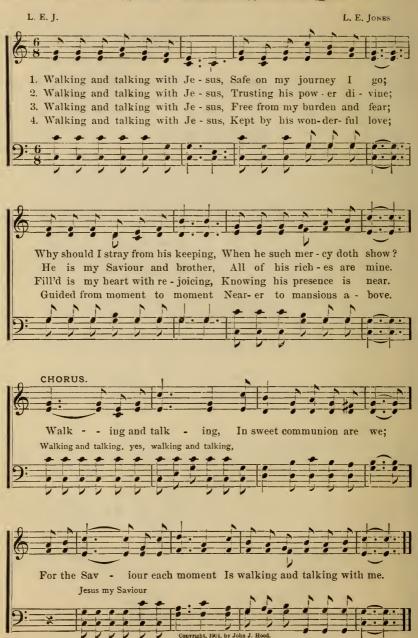




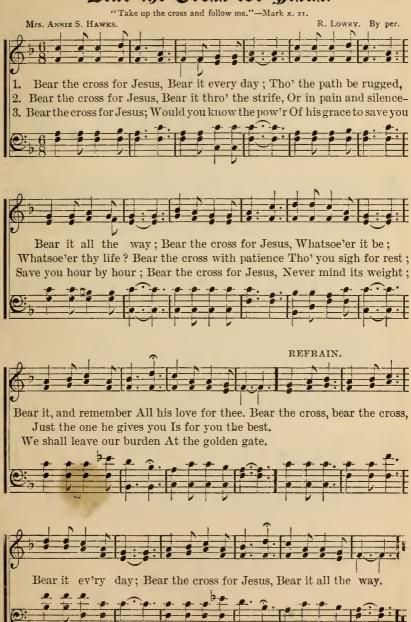




148 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

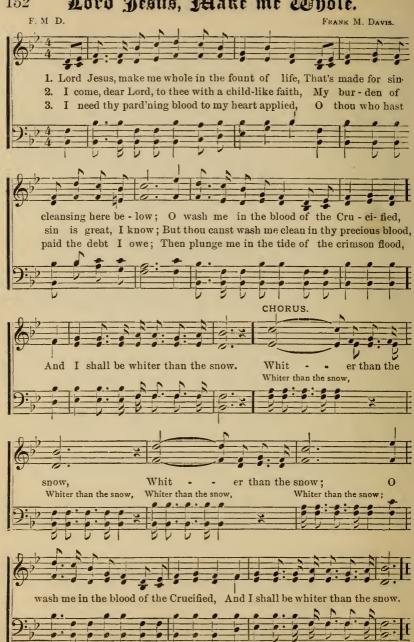


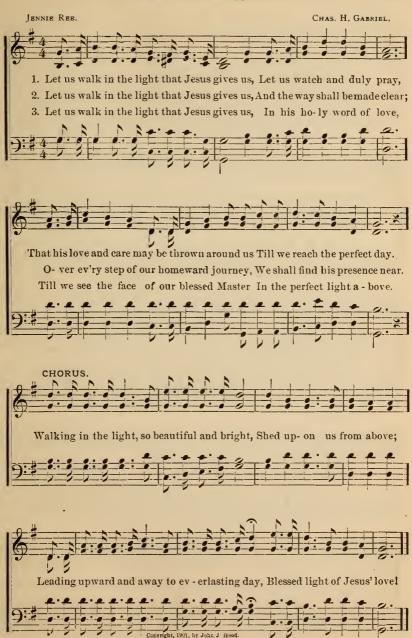
Bear the Cross for Aesus.



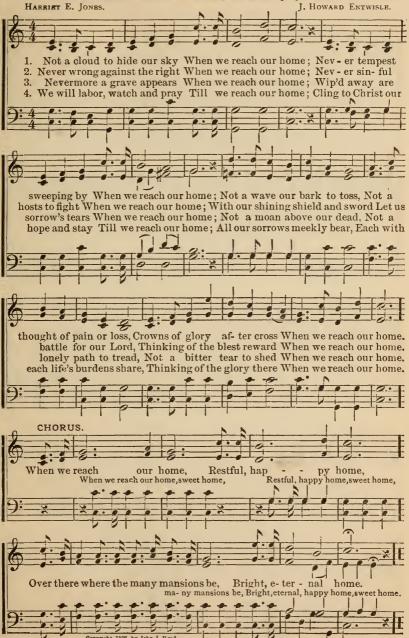
FRANK H. MASHAW. ISAAC Y. TRACY. 1. I was poor- er than all, I was hungry and cold, I was far, far a -2. I was poor- er than all, I was friendless, alone, I was still in my 3. I was poor- er than all, I was read- y to die, But the Saviour came. 4. I was poor- er than all till the Lord said to me, Go in peace, sin no way from the dear Shepherd's fold, But Jesus now gives me of his riches untold, sins and my heart was a stone, But Jesus smil'd on me and said thou art my own, down from his throne in the sky, On Calv'ry he ransom'd such a sinner as I, more, now I'm happy and free, And ever I'll praise him, and his child I will be, CHORUS. Oh, the peace of my soul is Je - sus! I was poorer than all, now I've riches to spare, And a home he is building for me so bright and fair, And some day I am going to my home over there, Oh, the peace of my soul is Jesus!



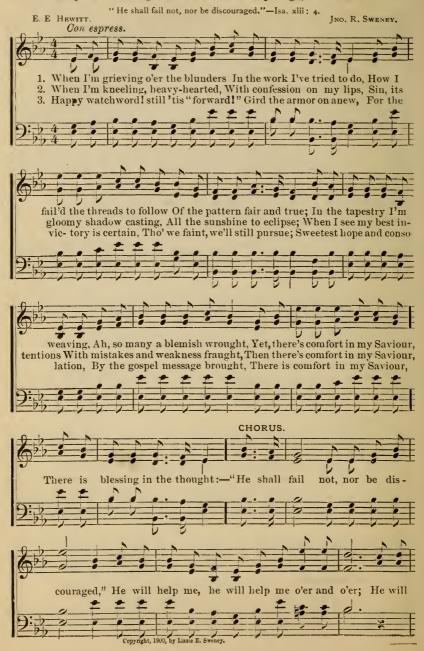








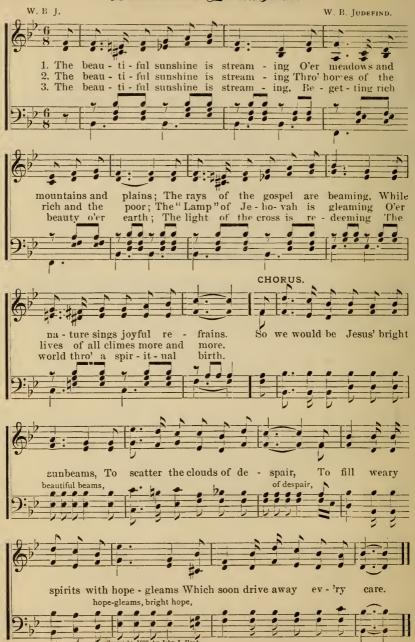
156 There is Comfort in the Saviour.



















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Awake and Rejoice.

THE RESURRECTION.













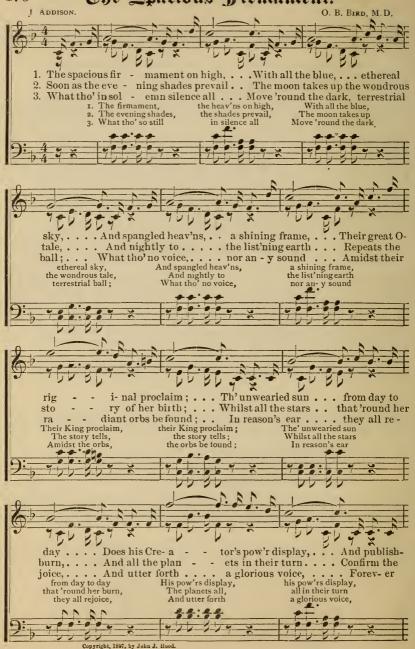






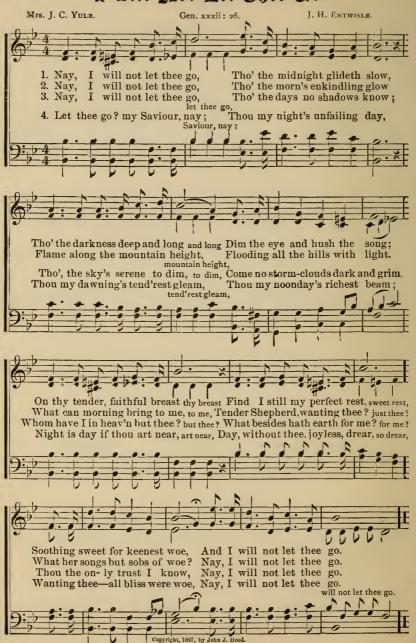


The Spacious Firmament.



The Spacious Firmament.—concluded. 177

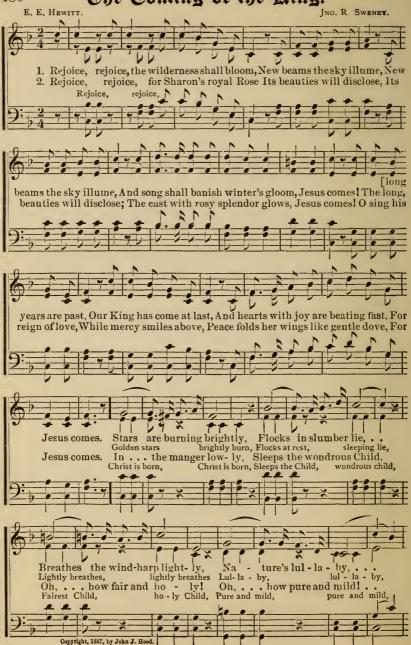






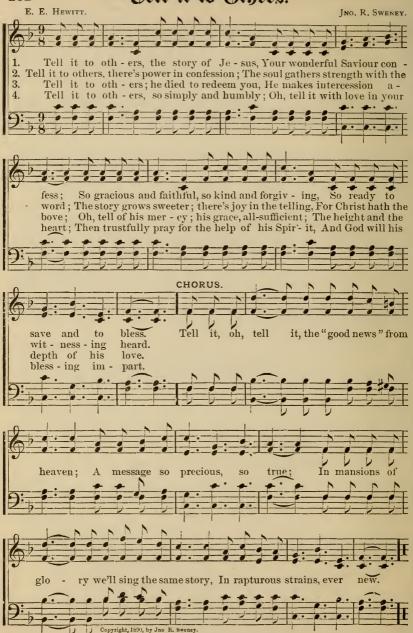


The Coming of the King.

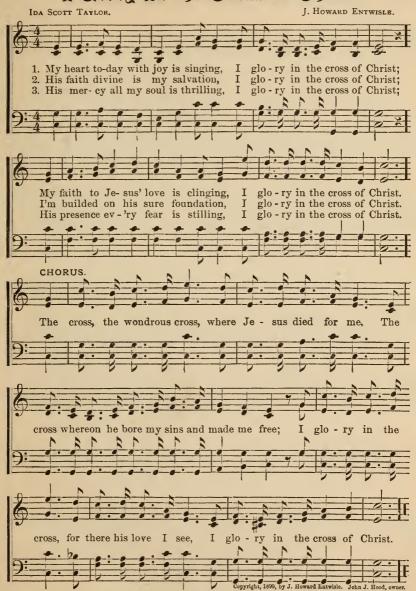


The Coming of the King.—concluded. 181

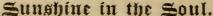




K Glory In the Cross of Christ.

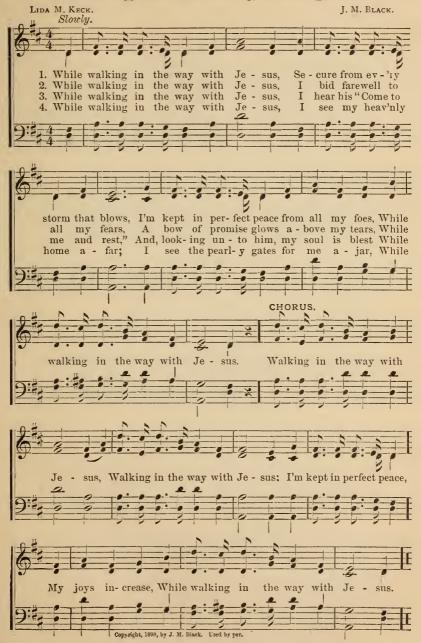


- 4 He died for me on Calv'ry's mountain, | 5 O fount of love within me swelling, I glory in the cross of Christ;
 - He washed me in the cleansing fount-I glory in the cross of Christ. [ain.]
- I glory in the cross of Christ;
 - O blessed peace my soul indwelling, I glory in the cross of Christ.

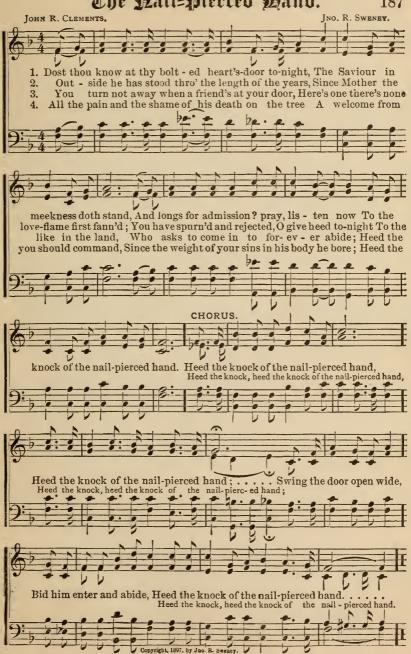




Walking In the Way with Jesus. 185









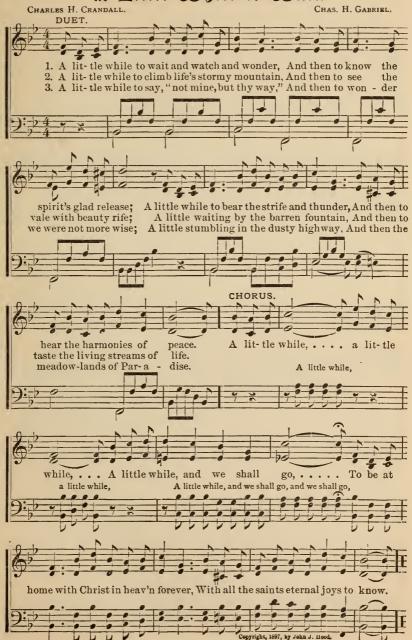


Jesus Promised Me a Home. H. LUTTON. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. There's a place in heav'n pre-pared for me, When the toils of this In my Fa-ther's home are mansions bright, Je-sus says it and I Ma-ny dear ones we lov'd are be-fore the throne, In that happy, hap-py In that home a - bove, be - youd the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and o'er: Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for-ev - er know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light, I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold, home on high: death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er-more, CHORUS. Singing prais - es for-ev - er - more. Je- sus promis'd me a Brother, sis - ter, there is one for I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by. Through - out alì e-ter - ni home o - ver there, Je- sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je-sus promis'd me a home o- ver there. Copyright, 1898, by Jno. R. Sweney.

190 The Snow Prayer. E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. I learned it in the Bi-ble, A tender lit-tle prayer; And when the 2. For I have often grieved him With sinful words and ways, I'll ask him 3. I want to be like Je - sus, That his pure eyes may see A heart made flakes are falling So beauti- ful and fair, I say to my dear Saviour to forgive me, And help me all my days; He shed his blood so precious, clean and spotless, To serve him faithfully; And so I'll ask him dai-ly This lit-tle pray'r I know; "Wash me, and I shall be Whiter than snow." Because he loved me so; "Wash me, and I shall be Whiter than snow." "Wash me, and I shall be Whiter than snow." His mercy to bestow;

2: Depright, 1892 by Jno. R. Sweney.

NOTE. - The chorus of "Whiter than Snow" may be sung by the school after the last verse.



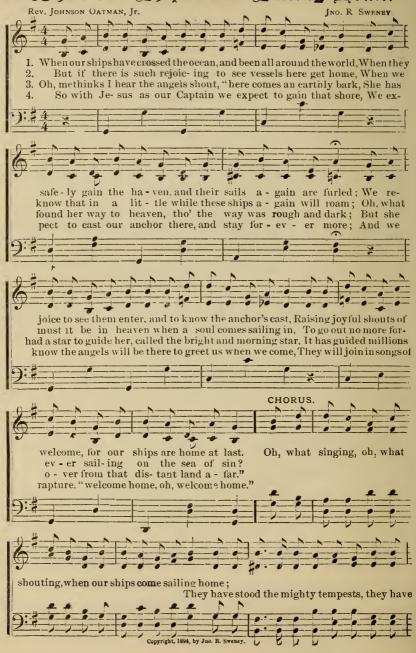
Acque Acads. "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him:
for they know his voice."—John x: 4. JOHN R. CLEMENTS. INO. R. SWENEY. Andante. 1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads, ... 3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . . Je- sus leads, Je- sus leads, Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, ... Je-sus leads: . . Till we reach you blest a - bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . . Thro' the war- ings and the strife Je- sus leads, . . . Je - sus leads; . . Je- sus leads. Je- sus leads: If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . Or the flock . 'mid danger feeds, . . All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . . the flock precedes, . . When we reach. the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes, . . If thick mists o'er the way, Or the flock mid danger feeds. leads, . . Je - sus leads. He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus the fold of leads. . . Je - sus leads. Safe in - to Je - sus He will spread the waves a - side. Je - sus leads. . . Je - sus leads. Je-sus leads,

Copyright, 1893, by Jno R. Sweney.

The Army of the Lord.



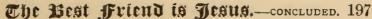
194 When our Ships come Sailing Home.

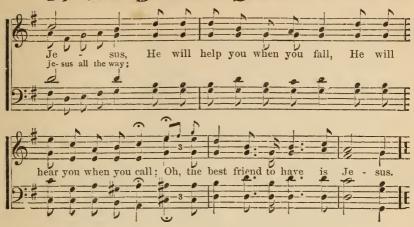




- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

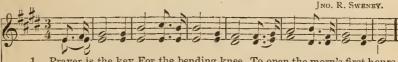




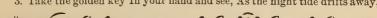


The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."



- Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
 Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
- 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,





See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs. But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light. How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.



4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more: Life's tears shall be wiped away, As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheathes for ave.

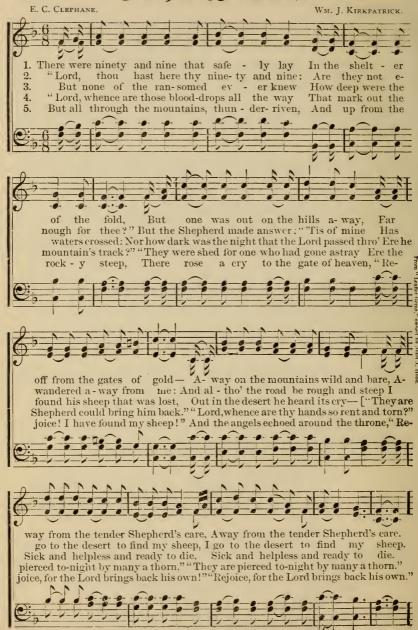


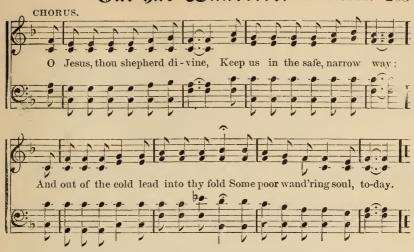




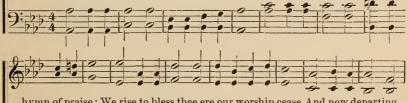






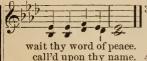






hymn of praise; We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease, And now departing, end the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,





For dark and light are both alike to thee. Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;

Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night; Turn thou for us its darkness into light; From harm and danger keep thy children free,

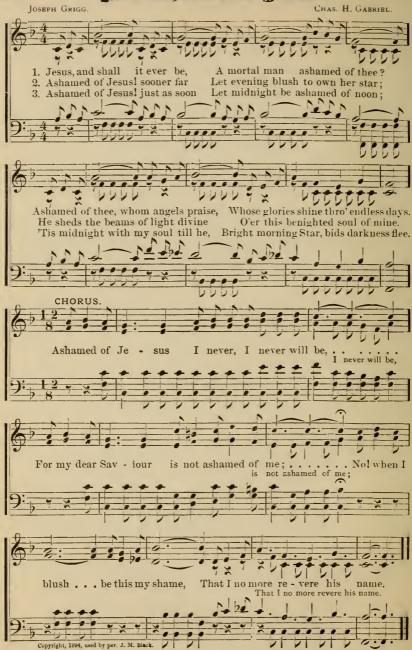
Behold, the King of heav'n has come; An-gel - ic

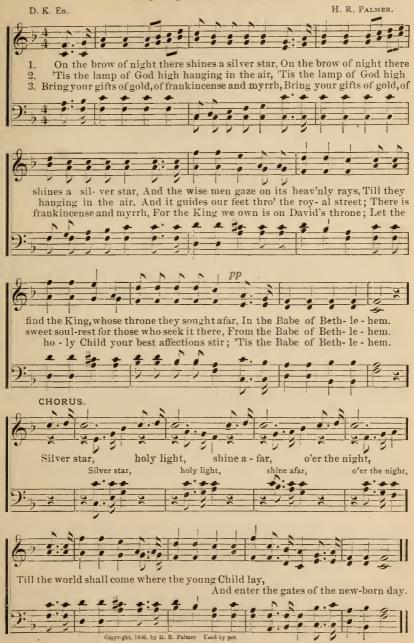
An - gel - ic voic- es

Be-hold, the King of heav'n has come, the King of heav'n has come;

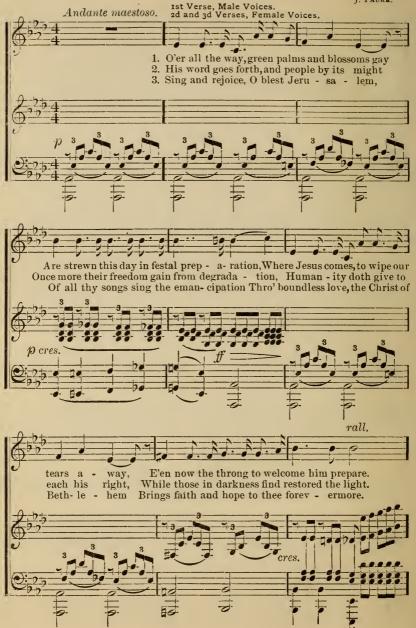
Copyright, 1901, by John J. Hood.







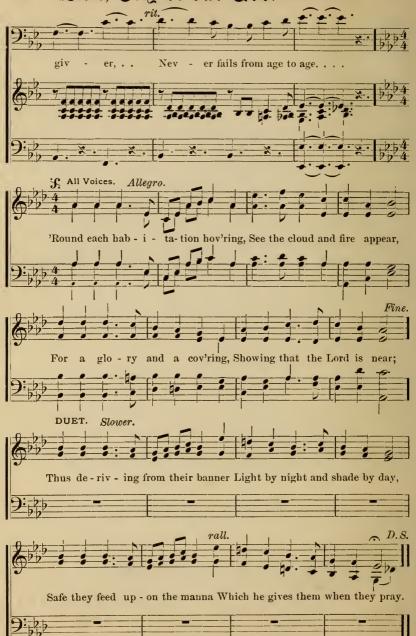




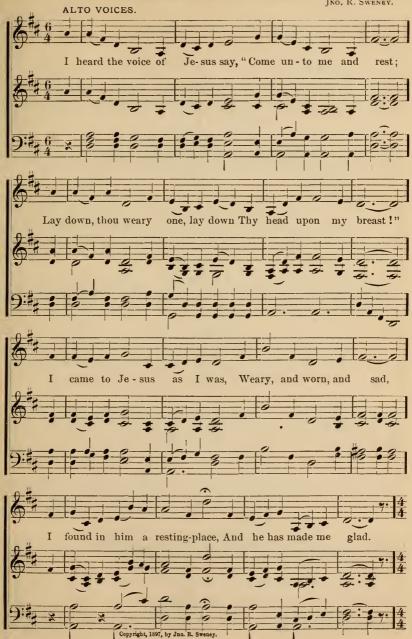




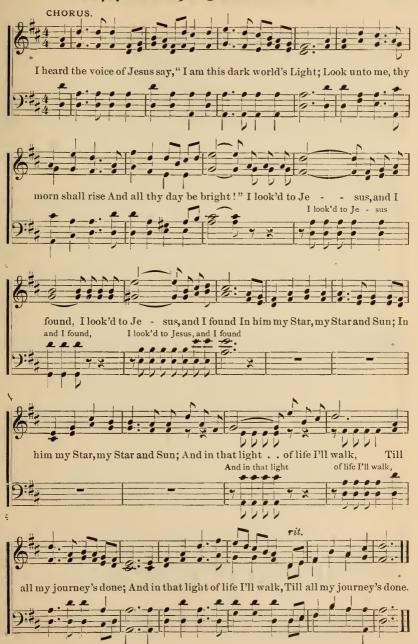




JNO. R. SWENEY.

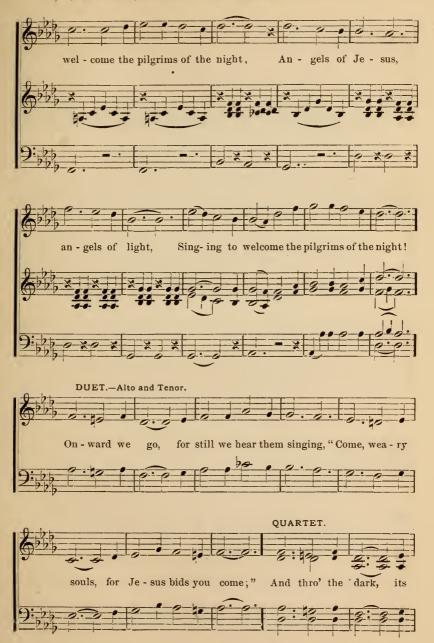


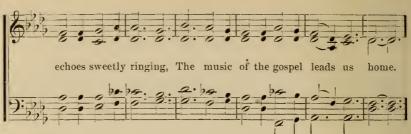


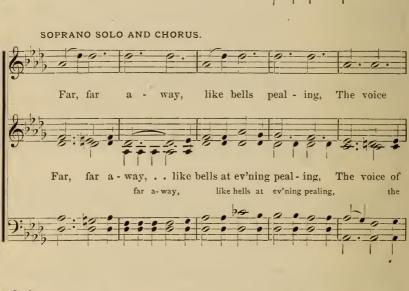


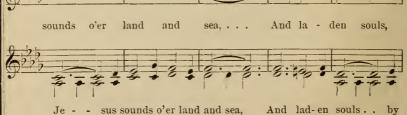


西ark, 西ark, my Soul!—continued.



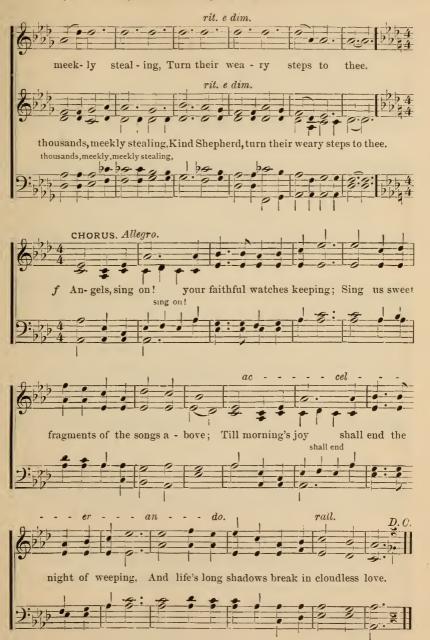






voice of Jesus sounds o'er land, o'er land and sea, la- den souls by







Icsus Leads to Victory.—continued. 221







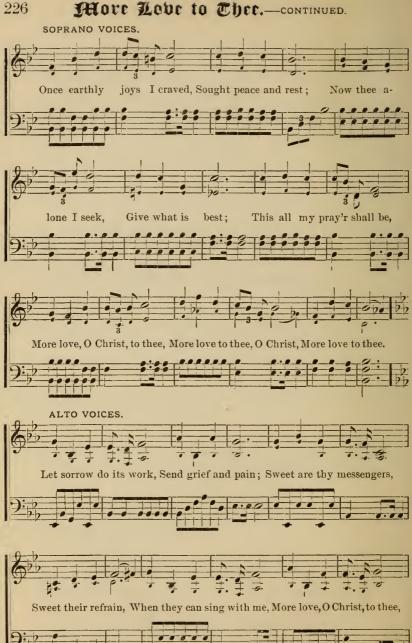


Great is the Lord our God.—concluded. 225

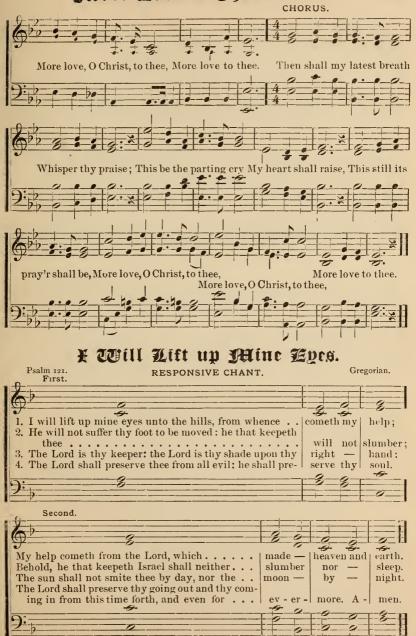


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Living Hymns, 2-P



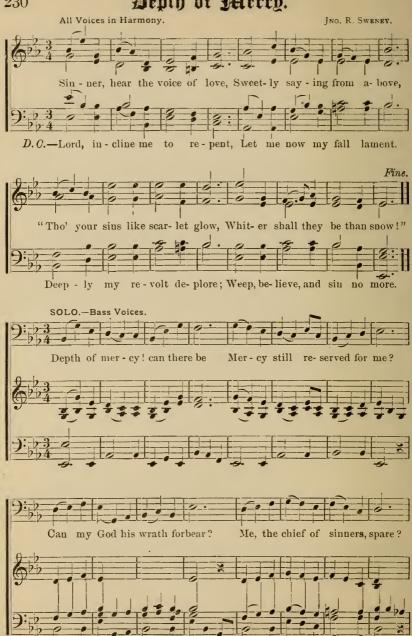
More Love to Thee.—concluded.

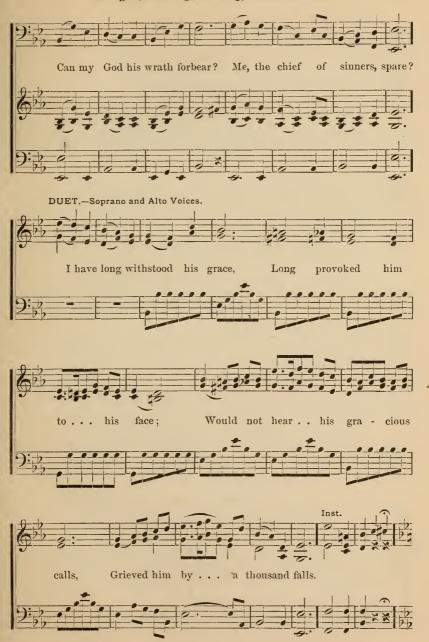


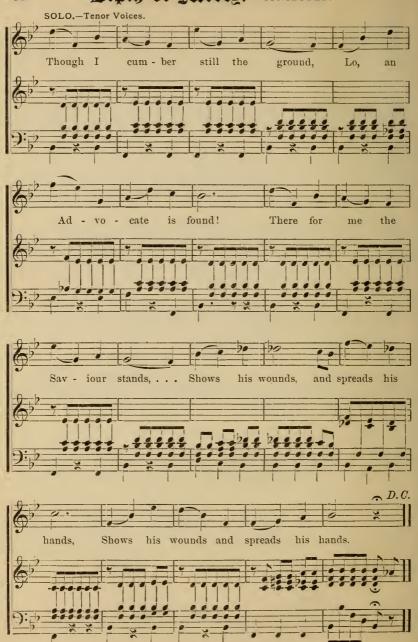
Praise Le Jehovah.



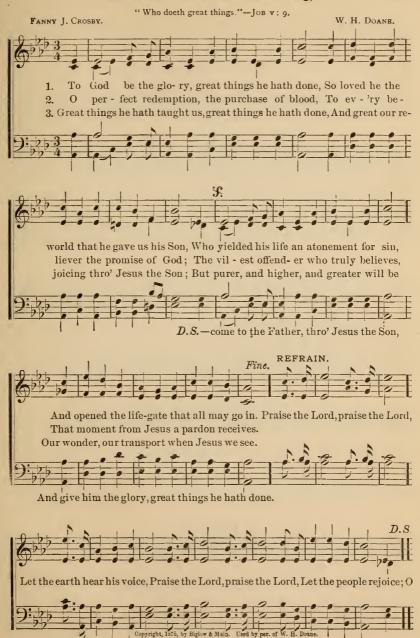




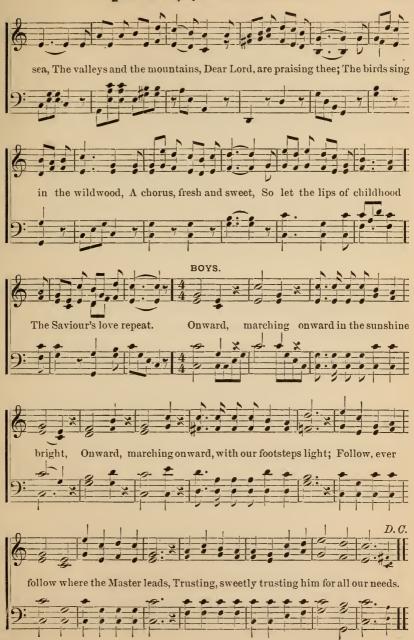




To God Be the Glory.

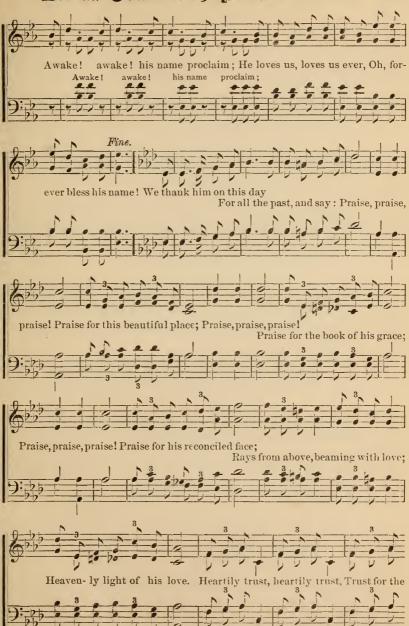




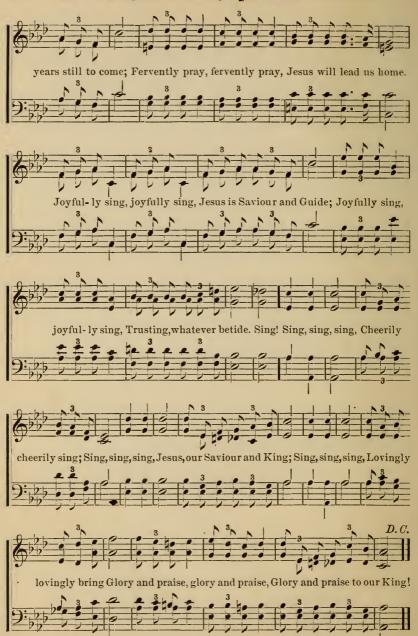


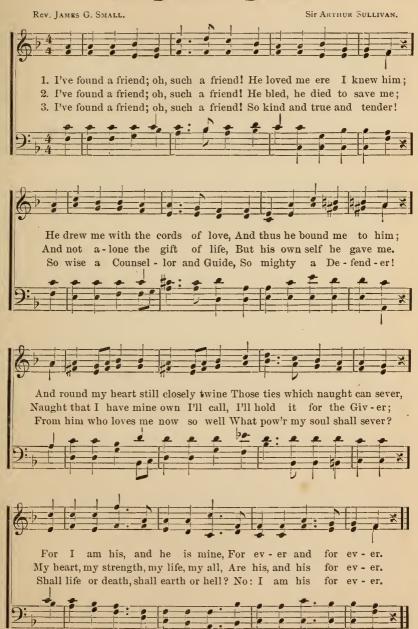
Let us Come with Praise.





238





240 Come, ye Thankful People, Come.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY. 1. Come, ye thankful peo- ple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home: 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield; 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his harvest home; E - ven so, Lord, quickly come To thy fi - nal harvest-home; Ere the winter's storms be - gin; is safe - ly gathered in, Wheat and tares to - geth- er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown: From his field shall in that day All of - fenc - es purge a - way; Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin; God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be supplied: Then the full corn shall ap - pear: First the blade, and then the ear, Give his an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, In thy presence a - bide: There for - ev - er pur - i - fied, Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home. Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be. But the faith-ful ears to store In his gar-ner ev - er - more. Come, with all thine an- gels, come, Raise the glorious harvest - home.





One more Day's Work for Jesus. 24



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Salvation's River.



Far from the fold:

MySaviour sought me where I wandered, Gave me his wealth untold.

All bonds of sin and Satan rending, Christ made me whole:

I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending, When Jesus saved my soul.

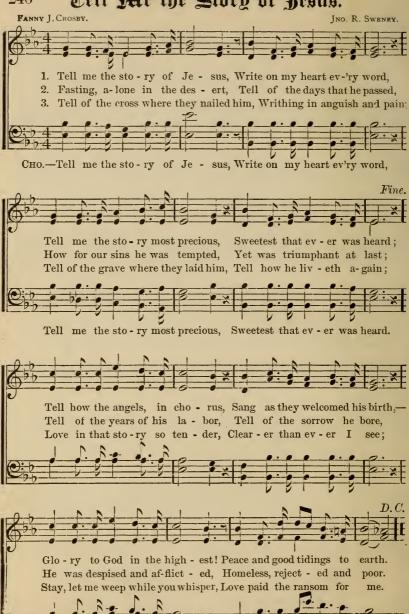
2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered, | 3 All round my way the sun is shining Darkness has fled:

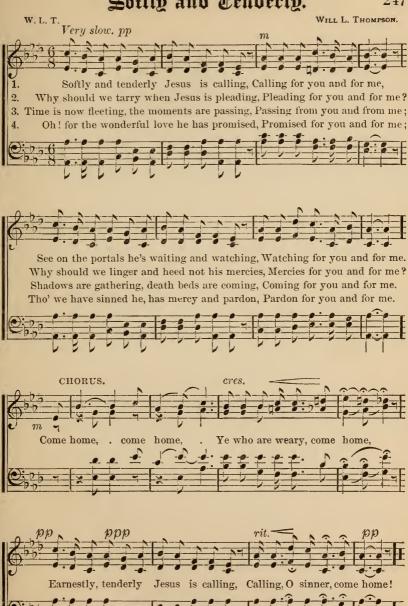
On Jesus' breast I am reclining, Daily by him I'm fed.

My Lord has cast his robe around me, No more I'll roam;

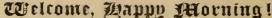
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me, Jesus has brought me home.







By per. W. L. Thompson & o L. Liverpool, O. and Chicago, III.





- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo, Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show; Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word; 'Tis thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord! Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain, All that now is fallen raise to life again; Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see, Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee. Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Lead Me, Saviour.







Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood.



What a Friend.



- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

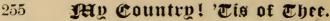
254

The Wideness of God's Mercy.

(Tune above.)

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
Frederick W. Faber.





256 God Bless our Native Land.



We'll Work till Jesus Comes.



1 O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

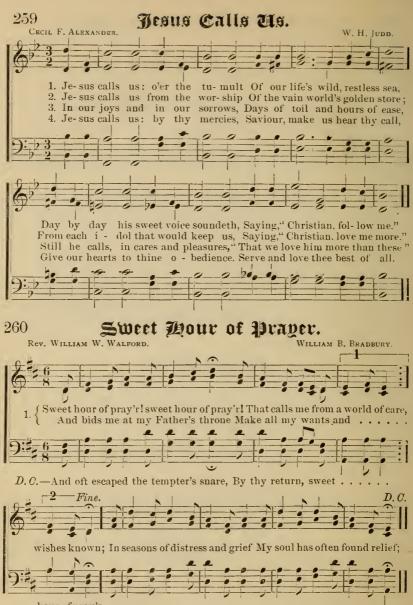
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome,

This world's a wilderness of woe. This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam. And lean for succor on his breast, Till he conduct me home,

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side. No more my steps shall roam: With him I'll brave death's chilling





hour of pray'r.

2 | : Sweet hour of pray'r!: | Thy wings shall my petition bear To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless:

And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



- 1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
- 2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
- 3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
- 4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,





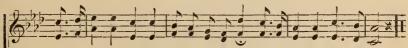
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee. Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine. When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend! There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.



CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; near-er, near-er,





Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.



Living Hymns, 2-R

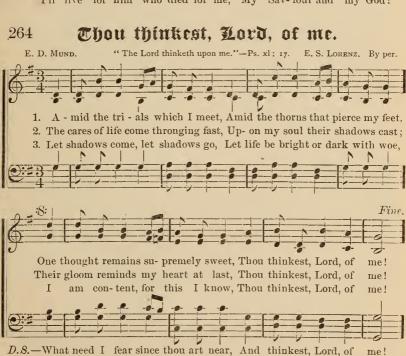
Jesus is Mine!



F'Il Live for Him.--concluded.



I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!







1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power:

He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh, Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him This he gives you;

'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

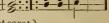
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all; Not the righteous-Sinners Jesus came to call.

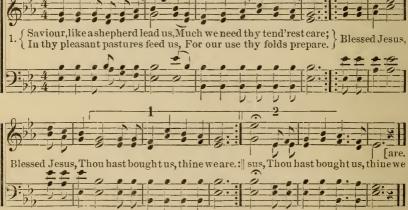
5 Agonizing in the garden, Your Redeemer prostrate lies; On the bloody tree behold him! Hear him cry, before he dies, "It is finished!"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood: Venture on him, venture freely; Let no other trust intrude: None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.

Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead us. WM. B. BRADBURY.

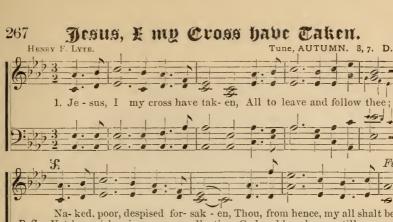




2 We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray. Blessed Jesus,

Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. Blessed Jesus, Let us ever turn to thee.

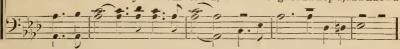


Na- ked, poor, despised for- sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

-9---0-



'ry fond am-bition, All I've sought and hop'd, and known:



2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue; And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn, and pain! In thy service, pain is pleasure; With thy favor, loss is gain. I have called thee, "Abba, Father;" I have stayed my heart on thee; Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Life with trials hard may press me. Heaven will bring me sweeter rest. O'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Man may trouble and distress me.

'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's smile is thine; What a Saviour died to win thee: Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days, Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

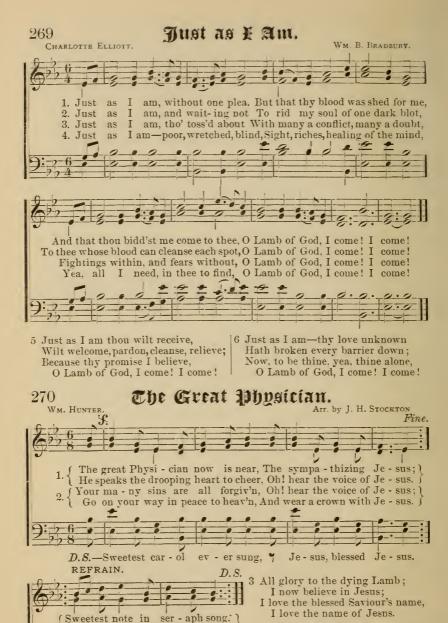
268 Gently Lead Us.

I Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us Through this lonely vale of tears, Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears; When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness never fail us,

Lead us in thy perfect way. 2 In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear; And when mortal life is ended, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till by angel bands attended We awake among the blest.

261

THOS. HASTINGS.



262

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear,
 The charming name of Jesus.

Sweetest name on mor- tal tongue.

A Little While.

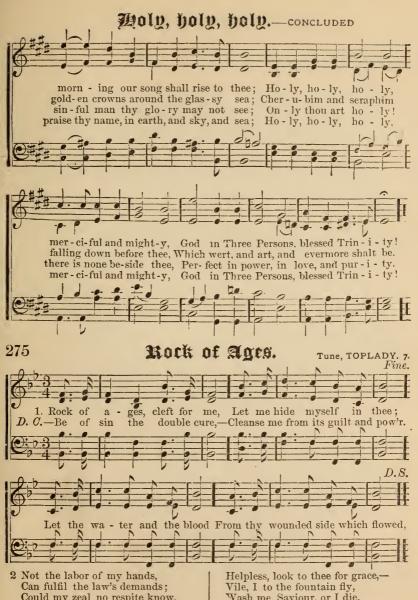
"What is this that he saith, a little while."-John 16: 17.



- 1 We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen Across this little landscape of our life; We would see Jesus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last weariness—the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation, Whereon our feet are set with sovereign grace; Not life nor death, with all their agitation, Can thence remove us, if we see his face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling, Which for long years we have rejoiced to see: The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing, We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
 Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
 We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
 Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

-Anna B. Warner.



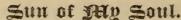


Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone,-Thou must save, and thou alone.

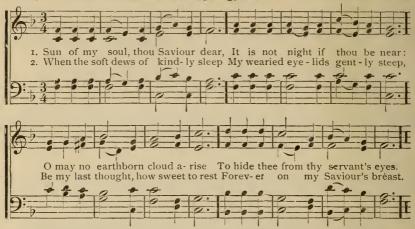
3 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress, Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my heart-strings break indeath, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgement-throne,— Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.





Tune, HURSLEY. L. M



- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine Hath spurned to-day the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Till in the ocean of thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

277 Sweet is the Work.

- I Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast;

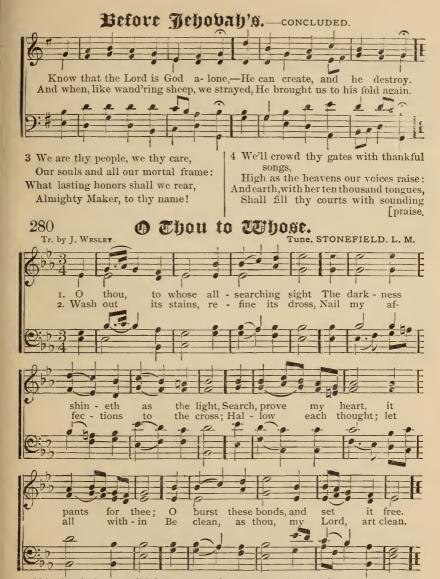
Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine; How deep thy counsels! how divine!

278 Jesus, Engrave it.

- I Jesus, engrave it on my heart, That thou the one thing needful art; I could from all things parted be, Bu' never, never, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Needful art thou to make me live, Needful art thou all grace to give; Needful to guide me, lest I stray; Needful to help me every day.
- 3 Needful is thy most precious blood; Needful is thy correcting rod; Needful is thine indulgent care, Needful thine all-prevailing prayer.
- 4 Needful art thou to be my stay Through all life's dark and thorny way; Nor less in death thou'lt needful be, When I yield up my soul to thee.

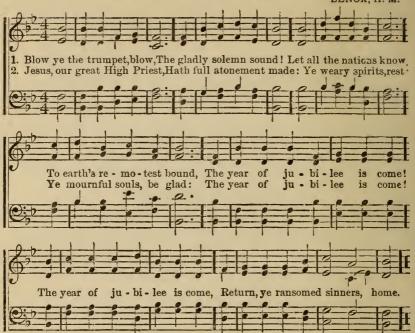




- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my light, be thou my way: No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Jesus, thy timely aid impart, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I follow thee; O let thy hand support me still, And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way, My strength proportion to my day; Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease, Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Blow pe the Trumpet.

Tune LENOX, H. M.



3 Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption in his blood Throughout the world proclaim: The year of jubilee is come! Return, ye ransomed sinners, home,

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live: The year of jubilee is come! Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

282 Come, every pious heart.

1 Come, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.
2 He left his starry crown,

And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured on who can tell

What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,

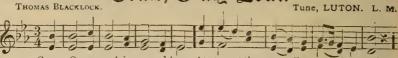
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode

Up through the sky the conqueror rod And reigns on high, the Saviour God. 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay

The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give,—
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

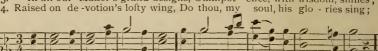
F Meard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES. Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Behold, I free - ly I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." The liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live." Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." Faster. came to Weary and worn and sad; Je - sus I was, as drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; came to Je - sus and looked to found In him my Star, my Sun; Je - sus, and Ι I found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad. My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him. And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.



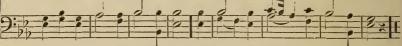
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre-a - tor's praise: 2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glo-ry, like a gar-ment wears;

In all our Maker's grand designs, Omnipot - ence, with wisdom, shines;





But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme? To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns a-round him shine. His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, Declare the glo - ry of his name. And let his praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song.



285

As Pants the Bart.



As pants the hart for water brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for thee; 2. Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so disquiet thee?



For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks, And longs the liv - ing God to see. Still hope in God, and him ex - tol, Whose face brings saving health to thee.



286 How Blest the Righteous.

I How blest the righteous when they die, When holy souls retire to rest! How mildly beams the closing eye! How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell: pears!

How bright the unchanging morn ap-Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies;

While heaven and earth combine to say, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"



O that my load of sin were gone.

287

L.M.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit At Jesus' feet to lay it down-To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find: Saviour of all, if mine thou art, Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free;

- I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God. Thy light and easy burden prove, The cross all stained with hallowed blood, The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power: My heart from every sin release: Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with thy perfect peace. —Chas. Wesley.

288

Lord, I am Thine.

L.M.

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent thine would I be, And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, thine would I die; Be thine through all eternity; The vow is past, beyond repeal, And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God, Thee, my new Master now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm The great engagement to perform: Thy grace can full assistance lend, And on that grace I dare depend. -Samuel Davies.

289

I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God.

L.M.

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood; To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be Forever closed to all but thee: Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side! Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death, Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe? Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move; O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King, That thou shouldst us to glory bring? Make slaves the partners of thy throne, Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyeso'erflow, Our words are lost, nor will we know, Nor will we think of aught beside, "My Lord my Love is crucified." My Lord, my Love is crucified."

-NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORP.

Mamburg. L. PA.



290 While Life Prolongs.

- While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given, But soon, ah! soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day, How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;

sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave:

Before his bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise--

No God regard your bitter prayer, No Saviour call you to the skies.

291 Jesus, my All.

- I Jesus, my Saviour, look on me, For I am weary and oppressed; I come to cast myself on thee: Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak; I feel the toilsome journey's length; Thine aid omnipotent I seek; Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way, Dark and tempestous the night; O send thou forth some cheering ray, Thou art my Light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise,
 But when I dread th' impending shock,
 My spirit to the refuge flies;
 Thou art my Rock.
- 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink, In that tremendous latest strife,

Thou wilt not suffer me to sink; Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply. E'en to the end, whate'er befall; Through life, in death, eternally, Thou art my All.

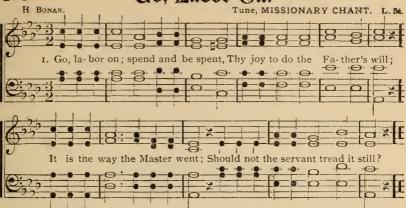
292 Come, Holy Spirit.

- I Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God; Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul A living spark of holy fire?
- Oh! kindle now the sacred flame, Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart, And let me now my Saviour see; Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spirit rest in thee.

293 When I Survey.

- When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe, Spreads o'er his body on the tree, Then am I dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.





2 Go. labor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down:

Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;

Compel the wanderer to come in. 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;

For toil comes rest, for exile home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,

The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"



2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye:—
 Living Hymns, 2—S

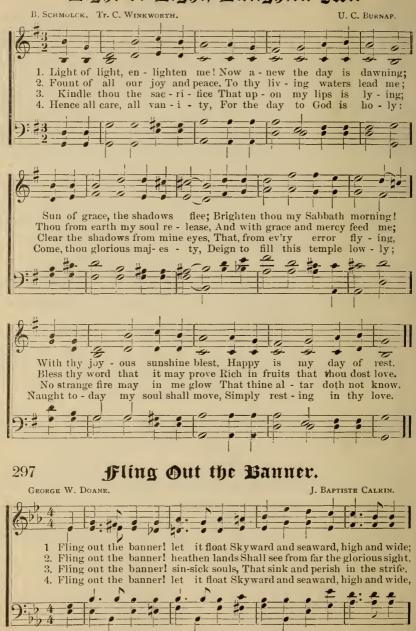
4 That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new luster boast, When victors' wreaths and monarchs'

Shall blend in common dust. [gems

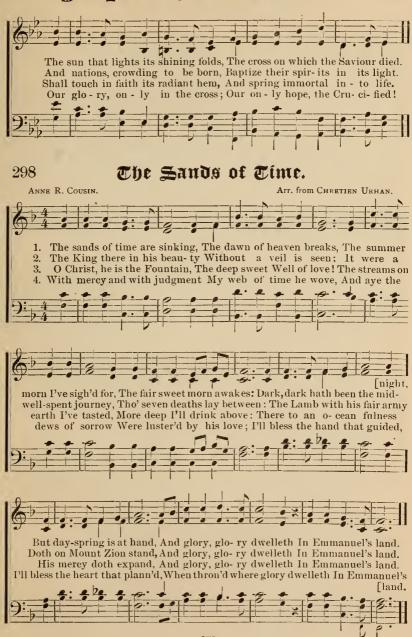
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee. Have I my race begun;

And, crowned with victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

296 Light of Light, Enlighten PAc.



fling Out the Banner .- concluded.



Marching to Zion.

"Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion."-Jer. xxxi: 6. ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY. 1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev- er knew our God; But children 3. The hill of Zi- on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May speak their reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer And thus surround the REFRAIN. round the throne, And thus surround the throne. We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad. golden streets, Or walk the golden streets. worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high. We're marching on to Zi - on, throne, And thus surround * throne. beautiful Zion; We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God. Zi-on, Zion,

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300 From Greenland's icy.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen, in their blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone,
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature, The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

301 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,—
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever,
 That name to us is—Love.



I Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus!

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost its venomed sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest: No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie. And wait the summons from on high

304God Calling Yet.

- I God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice despise, And basely his kind care repay? He calls me still; can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live? I wait, but he does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 4 God calling yet! I cannot stay; My heart I yield without delay: Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

303 What Sinners Value I Resign;

Tune, Park Street.

- I What sinners value I resign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour !—oh, blest abode! I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound: Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

305Jesus shall Reign.

Tune, Park Street.

- I Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does its successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen,



- 2 Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame; But now from all their labors rest, In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face; They sing the triumph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O may we tread the sacred road That holy saints and martyrs trod; Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win, like them, a crown of life!

307 Now to the Lord.

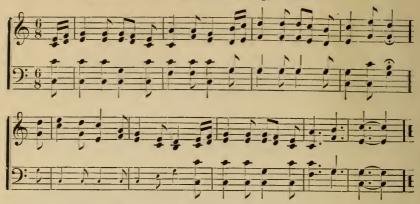
- I Now to the Lord a noble song: Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue; Hosanna to the eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace; God, in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood Proclaim the wise and powerful God;

- And thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme, My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name; Ye angels, dwell upon the sound, Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 5 Oh! may I reach that happy place, Where he unveils his lovely face, Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold. 308

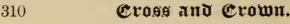
Soon may the last glad song.

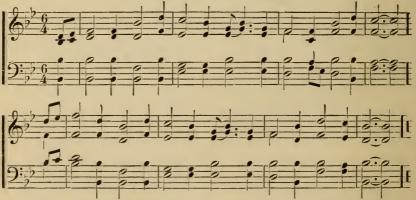
- I Soon may the last glad song arise, Through all the millions of the skies; That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms Obedient, mighty God, to thee; [be And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scepter of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, Till not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

309 From every Stormy Wind.

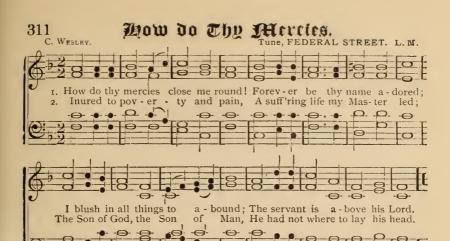


- I From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,— A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more, And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.





- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
- The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down At Jesus pierc-ed feet, Joyful I'll cast my golden crown, And his dear name repeat.
- 4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, resurrection day! Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.



- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepared For me, whom watchful angels keep; Yea, he himself becomes my guard; He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone; What can the Rock of Ages move? Safe in thy arms I lay me down, Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh, Who, who shall violate my rest? Sin, earth, and hell I now defy: I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade; My griefs expire, my troubles cease; Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed, Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

312 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

r Jesus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain— Till then, I boast a Saviour slain; And oh, may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

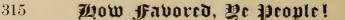
313 Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls.

- Come hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight; My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command, With faith, and hope, and humble zeal Resign our spirits to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.

314 My Gracious Lord!

- My gracious Lord! I own thy right
 To every service I can pay;
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee, Its sure support, its noblest end, Thine ever-smiling face to see, And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live, To him who for my ransom died; Nor could untainted Eden give Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
 - 4 His work my hoary age shall bless, When youthful vigor is no more, And my last hour of life confess His dying love, his saving power.





282

aflame,

Lord.

[to thy load;

3 When weary and hungry along life's

When cares and temptations would add

Remember the promise revealed in my

O soul, cast thy burden and care on the

rough road,

And when he shall bid me in glory a-

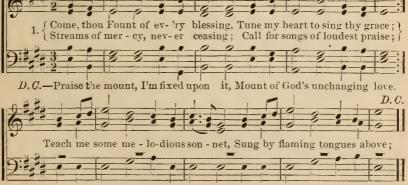
To hail him in triumph descending the

I'll shout when the heavens shall all be

Hosanna! hosanna to his blessed name!

skies,





Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;

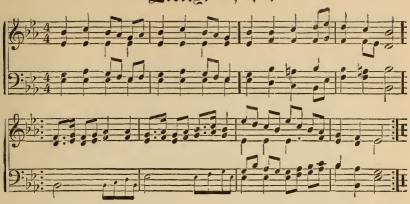
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts aboye,



- I Another year is dawning!

 Dear Master, let it be
 In working or in waiting,
 Another year with thee.
- 2 Another year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace; Another year of gladness In the shining of thy face.
- 3 Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."
- 4 Another year of service, Of witness for thy love; Another year of training For holier work above.





321 Lord, Dismiss Us.

- I Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; May thy presence With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

322 Saviour! Visit Thy Plantation.

- I Saviour! visit thy plantation; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain; All will come to desolation, Unless thou return again.
- CHO.—Lord revive us, Lord revive us, All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance; Shine upon us from on high, Lest, for want of thy assistance, Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent, Make us prevalent in prayers; Let each one esteemed thy servant Shun the world's enticing snares,

4 Break the tempter's fatal power:
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

323 May the Grace of Christ.

- May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord; And posess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

324 We have Come to Worship Jesus. Tune Vespers.

- We have come to worship Jesus, And in adoration bow Low before our gracious Saviour, Who youchsafes to hear us now.
- 2 Jesus, Friend of earth-bound sinners, Wash away our every stain; May our hearts to thee be opened, So that thou may'st in them reign.
- 3 May we find thy great salvation, -And our souls be filled with love; May thy Kingdom here, Lord Jesus, Soon be like to heav'n above.
- 4 Prayers ascend, like incense rising, For new pardon, grace, and peace: May thy Spirit's influence brighten All our lives,—our faith increase.
- 5 May the wisdom of thy gospel Comfort for all times afford; And may we be waiting, ready At thy coming, dearest Lord. H S. Jones.



The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,

And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining,
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

326

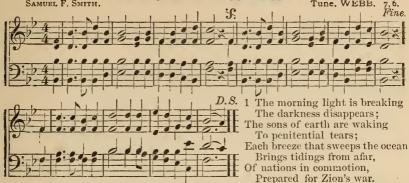
Now be the Gospel Banner.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions Of earth and hell combine, His arm throughout their regions Shall soon resplendent shine; Ride on, O Lord, victorious.

Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.



2 See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above; While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay: Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home: Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

328 Geo. Duffield, Jr. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

7, 6. Fine.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army shall he lead Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict, In this his glorious day: "Ye that are men, now serve him," Against unnumbered foes: Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose. 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel armor, Each piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song: To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glory Shall reign eternally.

329

When, His Salvation Bringing.

1 When, his salvation bringing, To Zion Jesus came, The children all stood singing Hosannas to his name. Nor did their zeal offend him, For as he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth His love for children still: Though now as King he reigneth On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around his banner, Who sits upon the throne; And cry aloud "Hosanna To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise: The stones, our silence shaming Might well hosannas raise. But shall we only render The tribute of our words? No! while our hearts are tender, They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Boylston. S. M.



330 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

- I LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord In our appointed place, And wait the promise of our Lord,— The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind; One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above; [fire,
 And give us hearts and tongues of
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light! explore, And chase our gloom away, With luster shining more and more, Unto the perfect day.

331 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

- I COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine,
 And on this poor, benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills Light, life, and joy dispense; And may I daily, hourly, feel Thy quickening influence.
- 3 O melt this frozen heart, This stubborn will subdue; Each evil passion overcome, And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
 But thine shall be the praise;
 Cheerful to thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

332 The Day is Past and Gone.

- The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear!
 Oh! may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; So death shall soon disrobe us all Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

333 Lord Teach Us how to Pray.

- I Lord, teach us how to pray, And give us hearts to ask; Or all we think, or do, or say, Will be a tiresome task.
- 2 Thy Holy Spirit send, Our bosoms to inspire; Then shall our praise to thee ascend With pure and warm desire.

- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest, Present our prayers above; And spread abroad o'er all thou seest The mantle of thy love.
- 4 Teach us to find our bliss
 In earnest, fervent prayer,
 For where we pray our Saviour is,
 And bliss is only there.

334 A Charge to Keep I Have.

- I A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill,— Oh, may it all my powers engage To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care, As in thy sight to live; And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare, A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray, And on thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.





335 I love Thy kingdom.

- I Love thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend: To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

336 Grace!

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way To save rebeliious man; And all the steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

337 Stand up, and bless.

- Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame From his own altar brought, To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to heaven our thought!
- God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore; Stand up, and bless his glorious name, Henceforth, forevermore.

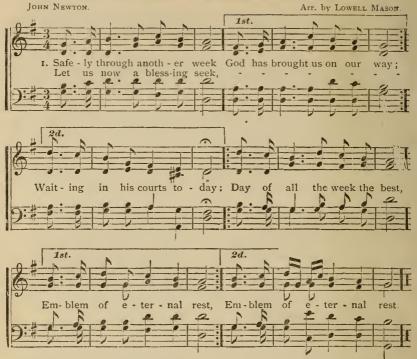
338 Purity of heart.

- I BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul

 He doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be;
 O give the pure and lowly heart,—
 A temple meet for thee.

Doxology. S. M. To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, One in Three, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall forever be.

Safely through Another Week.



2 While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciled face, Take away our sin and shame;

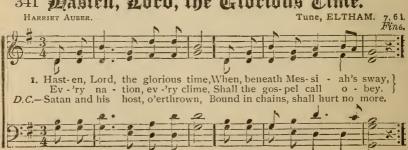
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near: May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear: Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church above.

Wasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.





2 Then shall wars and tumults cease; Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Undisturbed, shall ever reign. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord; Ever praise his glorious name; All his mighty acts record, All his wondrous love proclaim.



342 Rise, My Soul.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things, Toward's heaven, thy native place. Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire ascending seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face, Upward tends to his abode, To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn; Press onward to the prize; Soon our Saviour will return, Triumphant in the skies, Yet a season, and you know Happy entrance will be given; All our sorrows left below, And earth exchanged for heaven.

343 Time is Winging us Away.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charmes:
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

Antioch. C. M.



344

O for a Thousand Tongues.

- I O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
 - My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim,—
 - To spread, through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
 - 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean: His blood availed for me.

345

Hark the Glad Sound.

- I Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, 13 He comes, from thickest films of vice The Saviour, promised long; Let every heart prepare a throne,
 - And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ner to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before him burst, The iron fetters yield.
- To clear the mental ray,
- And on the eyes oppressed with night To pour celestial day.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

346

Joy to the World.

- I Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
 - While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
 - He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove
 - The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love,

Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, whom we adore, Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

Crown Him Lord of All.



- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall. Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

348

347

Jesus, the Name.

C. M.

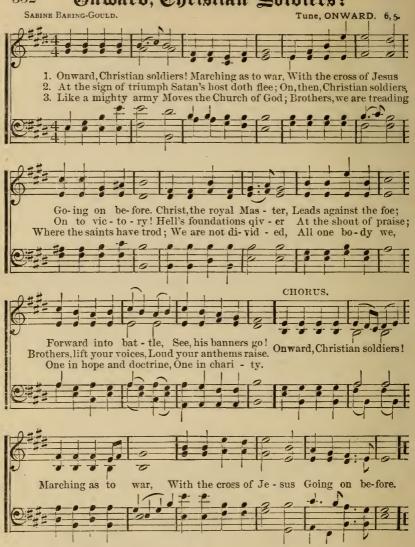
- I Jesus! the name high over all, In hell, or earth or sky; Angels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given; It scatters all their guilty fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks, And bruises Satan's head; Power into strengthless souls he speaks, And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see The riches of his grace! The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show, His saving truth proclaim: 'Tis all my business here below To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name,
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"





- I have already come; far, 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus And grace will lead me home.
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, [4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall And mortal life shall cease, I shall possess, within the vail A life of joy and peace.

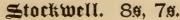


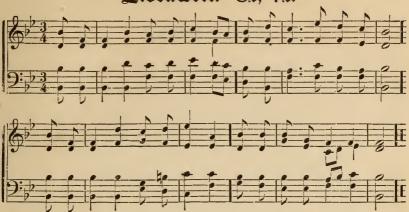


4 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain: Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise,

And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and honor Unto Christ the King, This through countless ages Men and angels sing.





353 Yes, for Me, for Me He Careth.

- Yes, for me, for me he careth With a brother's tender care; Yes, with me, with me he shareth Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading At the mercy-seat above, Ever for me interceeding, Constant in untiring love.
- 3 Yes, in me abroad he shedeth Joys unearthly, love and light; And to cover me he spreadeth His paternal wing of might.
- 4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
 I in him, and he in me;
 And my empty soul he filleth
 Here and through eternity.
- 5 Thus I wait for his returning, Singing all the way to heaven; Such the joyful song of morning, Such the tranquil song of even.

354 Tarry With Me, O, My Saviour.

- I Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west, Swift the night of death advances; Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow; Sinks my heart with troubled fear; Give me faith for clearer vision, Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer.

- 4 Let me hear thy voice behind me, Calming all these wild alarms; Let me, underneath my weakness, Feel the everlasting arms.
- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying, Lord! I cast myself on thee; Tarry with me through the darkness; While I sleep still watch by me.
- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!

 Lay my head upon thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me—
 Morning of eternal rest.

355 He that Goeth Forth.

- I He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love, Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays celestial shine; Precious fruits will thus be given Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary, Let no fears thy soul annoy; Be the prospect ne'er so dreary. Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening, See the rising grain appear; Look again; the fields are whitening, For the harvest-time is near.

356 Doxology.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee, God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, joined in glory On the same eternal throne.



The Firm Foundation.



shall prove [love;

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, be borne.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people | 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,

Like lambs tney shall still in my bosom | I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"



Per - petual blessings from thy hand Demand perpetual songs of praise.



361 Children of the Heavenly King.

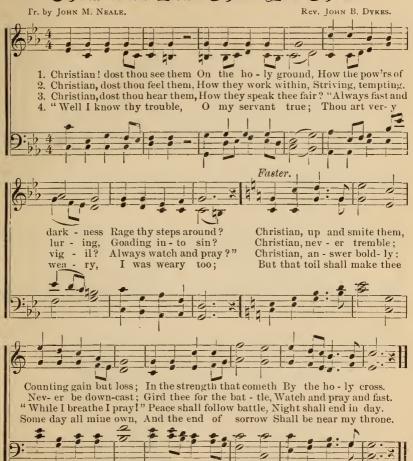
- I Children of the heavenly King, As we journey we will sing,— Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye mourning souls, be glad, Christ our advocate is made; Us to save our flesh assumes, Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest, Soon we'll enter into rest; There our seat is now prepared, There our Kingdom and reward.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.

362 Hark, My Soul.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

- Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound, And, when wounded, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love thee and adore, Oh, for grace to love thee more!

363 Christian! Dost Thou See Them?



.364 Lo! the Stone is Rolled Away.

- 1 Lo! the stone is rolled away, Death yields up his mighty prey; Jesus, rising from the tomb, Scatters all its fearful gloom.
- 2 Praise him in the noblest songs, From ten thousand thousand tongues Every note with rapture swell, And the Saviour's triumph tell.
- 3 Let Immanuel be adored— Ransom, Mediator, Lord! To creation's utmost bound, Let eternal praise resound.

365 Wait, my Soul, Upon the Lord.

- I Wait, my soul, upon the Lord, To his gracious promise flee, Laying hold upon his word, "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case Seem peculiar still to thee, God has promised needful grace.— "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou mayst see;
 This is still thy sweet relief.—
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be,"

Ariel. C. P. M.



366 O Love Divine.

- O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell; Its riches are unsearchable; The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see; They cannot reach the mystery, The length, the breadth, the height.
- God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine;
 Be mine this better part.
- O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John, Recline my weary head upon The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in thee My everlasting rest.

367 0 could I Speak.

- I O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood hε spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me
 And I shall see his face; [home,
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.



368 I will Remember Thee.

- 1 According to thy gracious word, In meek humility, This will I do, my dying Lord, I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary,
 - O Lamb of God, my sacrifice, I must remember thee.—
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

369 Jesus, I Love.

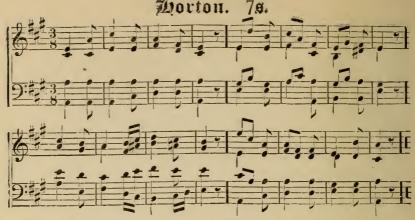
- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My joy, my hope, my trust; Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish In thee most richly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there, The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

370 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide And shut his glories in, When God, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's, sin.
- 4 'Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

371 Come, Humble Sinner.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,— Come with your guilt and fear oppressed And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin High as a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Perhaps he will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer; But if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.
- 4 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die."



372 Come, Said Jesus.

- I Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my path your choice, I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound, Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

373 As the Twilight Shadows.

- As the twilight shadows fall, Let us, in the closing day, Mark the solemn hour when all Earthly things shall fade away.
- 2 In the grave to which we haste, No repentance can be found; Shall we then our moments waste While we stand on trial-ground?
- 3 Ere the coming of that night, (When its coming who can say?) Let us do with all our might, Strive and labor, watch and pray.
- 4 Lord, do thou thy grace impart; Penitence and faith bestow! Come and sanctify each heart, Let us thy salvation know.
- 5 That when waning years have fled, And these scenes have passed away, Rising with the summoned dead, We may wake to endless day.

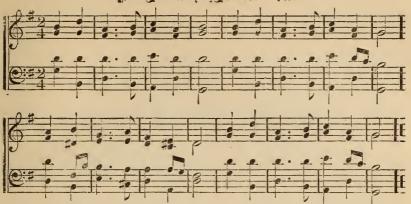
374 Gentle Jesus.

- I Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought; Gracious God, forbid it not; Give me, O my God, a place In the kingdom of thy grace!
- 3 Put thy hands upon my head, Let me in thine arms be stayed; Let me lean upon thy breast, Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.
- 4 Fain I would be as thou art; Give me thy obedient heart; Thou art pitiful and kind; Let me have thy loving mind.

375 Depth of Mercy!

- Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,— Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent; Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, 'how can I give thee up?'
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands, Shows his wounds, and spreads his God is love! I know, I feel; [hands; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Plegel's Dymu. 7s.



376 Gracious Spirit, love divine.

- I GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine, Let thy light within me shine! All my guilty fears remove; Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Breathe thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray; Keep me in the narrow way; Fill my soul with joy divine; Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

377 Hasten, Sinner, to be Wise.

- Hasten, sinner, to be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten. sinner, to be blest, Stay not for the morrow's sun, Lest perdition thee arrest, Ere the morrow is begun.

Living Hymns, 2-U

378 Holy Ghost, with light divine.

- I HOLY GHOST, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine; Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down every idol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone.

379 Ere Another Sabbath's Close.

- I Ere another Sabbath's close, Ere again we seek repose, Lord! our song ascends to thee; At thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day, For this rest upon our way, Thanks to thee alone be given, Lord of earth, and King of heaven'
- 3 Whilst this thorny path we tread, May thy love our footsteps lead, When our journey here is past, May we rest with thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove Foretastes of our joys above; While their steps thy pilgrims bend To the rest which knows no end.



380 Guide Me, O Thou Great.

I Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side
Songs of praises
I will ever sing to thee.

381 Ho! Ye Needy.

I Ho! Ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh, Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Lost and ruined by the fall; If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all. Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to all.

4 Saints and angels joined in concert Sing the praises of the Lamb, While the blissful seats of heaven Sweetly echo with his name; Hallelujah! Sinners here may sing the same.

382 On the Mountain's Top.

I On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands;
 Mourning captive!
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee.
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee, All thy warfare now is past, God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee, Peace and joy are come at last; All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest.

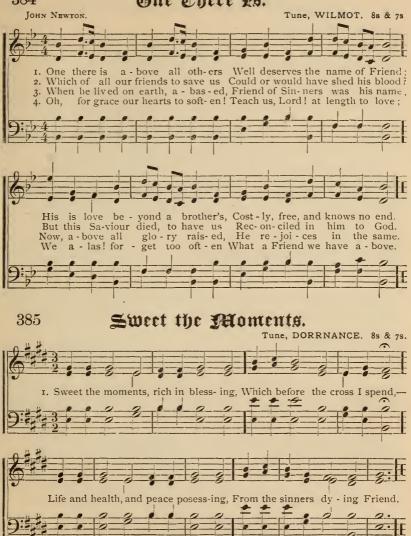
383 May the Grace.

- May the Grace. 8 & 7.

 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord; And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.



One There Es.



- 2 Here I'll sit forever viewing Mercy stream in streams of blood; Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to lie,— While I see divine compassion Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears his feet I bathe; Constant still in faith abiding, Life deriving from his death.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



- 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.



Traveler, ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

People of the Living God.

I People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave. Mine the God whom you adore, Your Redeemer shall be mine; Earth can fill my heart no more, Every idol I resign.

Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,

Lo! the Son of God is come!

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!" I know thy voice!
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now on me,

Zerah. C. PA.



389 Come, ye that love.

- I COME, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?

 Lord, teach our songs to rise:

 Thy love can animate the strain,

 And bid it reach the skies.

390 What glory gilds.

- I WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; Its truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

391 The Prince of Peace.

- I To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore adored; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The mighty Lord of heaven.

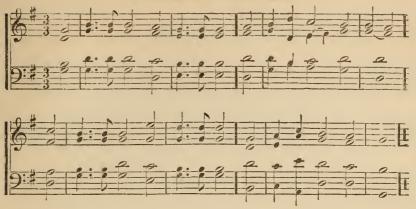
392 The joyful sound.

- I SALVATION! O the joyful sound
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

393 Doxology. C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

Arlington. C. PA.



394 Through all the Changing.

- Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 My soul shall make her boast in him, And celebrate his fame; Come, magnify the Lord with me, With me exalt his name.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just; Deliverance he affords to all Who on his succor trust.
- 4 Oh! make but trial of his love; Experience will will decide How biest they are, and only they, Who in his truth confide.

395 This is the Day.

- This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own—
- Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell;
- To-day the saints his triumphs spread, And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
- To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men, With messages of grace,
- Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains The church on earth can raise;
- The highest heavens, in which he reigns, Shall give him nobler praise.

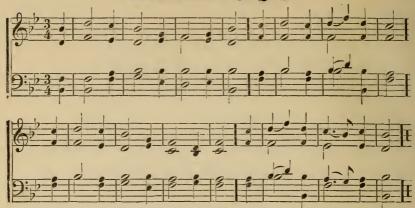
396 Am I a Soldier of the Cross

- I Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fight to win the prize, And sail through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign—
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

397 Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.

- I Beneath Moriah's rocky side
 A gentle fountain springs:
 Silent and soft its waters glide,
 Like-the peace the Spirit brings.
- 2 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink Of-the cool and quiet wave— And-the thirsty spirit stops to think. Of Him who came to save.
- 3 Siloam is the fountain's name: It means One sent of God; And thus the holy Saviour's name It gently spreads abroad.
- 4 Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well, May Jesus' image bear, And spend my life, my all, to tell How full his mercies are.

Balerma. C. M.



398 How Happy is the Youth.

- I How happy is the youth who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasure greater far Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

399 Oh, for a Heart to Praise.

- I Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne, Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true and clean; Which neither life, nor death can part, From him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love divine, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of thine!

400 The Lord's Prayer.



- 1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
- 2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; | For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and ever. | A- | men.

Dundee. C. M.



401 How Sweet and Awful.

- I How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors; While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores.
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs, Join to admire the feast, Each of us cries, with thankful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?
- 3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice, And enter while there's room, When thousands make a wretched choice, And rather starve than come.
- 4 "'Twas the same love that spread the That sweetly forced me in; [feast, Else we had still refused to taste, And perished in our sin.

402 How Oft, Alas!

- I How oft, alas! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord; How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn, Oh, take the wanderer home.
- 3 Almighty grace, thy healing power How glorious, how divine, That can to life and bliss restore So vile a heart as mine.
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Saviour, I adore; Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.

403 O God, Our Help.

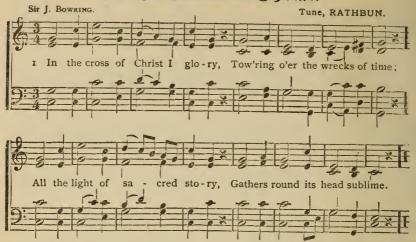
- O God, our help in ages past Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.
- 2 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone, Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising dawn.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly, forgotten—as a dream Dies at the opening day.

404 The Lord Jehovah unto all.

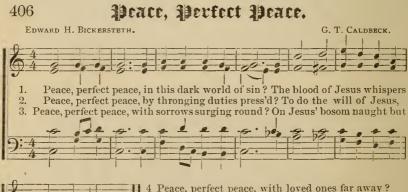
- I The Lord Jehovah unto all His goodness doth declare, And over all his mighty works His tender mercies are.
- 2 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand, Thy reign through ages all; God raiseth all that are bowed down, Upholdeth all that fall.
- 3 The eyes of all things wait on thee, Thou Giver of all good! And thou in season due dost give To every one his food.
- 4 My mouth the praises of the Lord To publish shall not cease; Let all flesh join his holy name Forevermore to bless.

405

An the Cross of Christ.

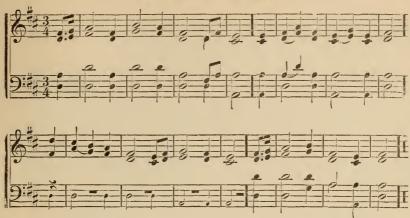


- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me. Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.



- peace with in.
 this is rest.
 calm is found.
 - 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus keeping we are safe, and they.
 - 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
 - 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 - 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Siloam. C. M.



407 Approach, My Soul.

- Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea, With this I venture nigh; Thou callest hardened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely pressed, By wars without and fears within, I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilty sinners, such as I, Might plead thy gracious name.

408 By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

- By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 Lo! such a child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose sacred heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must decay;

- The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O Thou who givest life and breath, We ask thy grace alone, In childhood, manhood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

409 When the Worn Spirit.

- I When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn That opens on the sight, When first the soul-reviving morn Beams its new rays of light!
- 3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will Yet while they gently roll, [cease; Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done, The world's long week be o'er, That Sabbath dawn which needs no sur That day which fades no more?

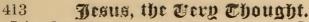
410 Of Thy Love. 8, 7, 4. Of thy love some gracious token Grant us, Lord, before we go;

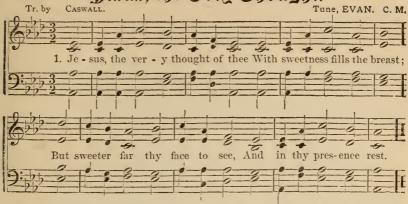
Bless thy word which has been spoken.
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain:

Oh, direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore.



- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.





- Nor can the memory find
 - A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek. To those who ask, how kind thou art! How good, to those who seek!
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show: The love of Jesus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.
 - 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be; In thee be all our glory now, And through eternity.

414 Calm me, my God.

- 1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm: Let thine outstretched wing Be like the shade of Elim's palm, Beside her desert spring.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and The sounds my ear that greet-[rude Calm in the closet's solitude, Calm in the bustling street,-
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in the hour of pain: Calm in my poverty or wealth,

Calm in my loss or gain,-

- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong, Like him who bore my shame; Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting Who hate thy holy name. [throng,
- 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft resting on thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.

415 Oh for a Closer Walk with God.

1 Oh for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.

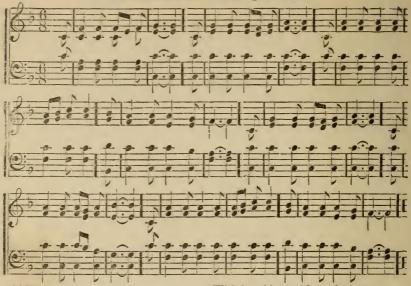
- 2 Return! O holy-Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest;
 - I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be,
 - Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God. Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

416How Blest the Man.

- 1 How blest the man whose sins the Lord Has pardoned in his grace,
- All whose transgressions are removed, And covered from his face.
- 2 How blest the man to whom the Lord Imputeth not his sin;
- And in whose spirit is no guile, Nor fraud is found therein.
- 3 Surely, when floods and waters great Do swell up to the brim, They shall not overwhelm his soul,

Nor once come near to him.

Lebanon. S. M. D.



417 I was a Wandering Sheep.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

? The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; 'They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild;

They found me nigh to death,

Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
"Twas he that loved my soul,
"Twas he that washed me in his blood,
"Twas he that made me whole;
Twas he that sought the lost,

That found the wandering sheep.
"Twas he that brought me to the fold—
"Tis he that still doth keep.

418 Jesus, my Strength, my Hope!

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope! On thee I cast my care; With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,

Till I can all things do;

On thee,—almighty to create, Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word; The promise is for me;

My succor and salvation, Lord, Shall surely come from thee; But let me still abide.

Nor from my hope remove, Till thou my patient spirit guide

Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,

A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain.

To hardship, grief, and loss;

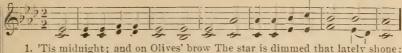
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

And sees the tempter my;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;

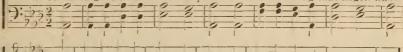
Forever standing on its guard, And watching unto prayer. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Tune, OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

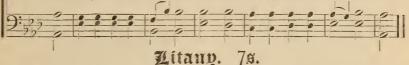


2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;

3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood; 4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know;



'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now. The suff'ring Saviour prays a -lone.
E'en that disciple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not forsaken by his God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.



Fine.

D.C.

420 At the Lamb's High Feast. Tune, Litany.

- I At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our victorious King, Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from his pierced side; Praise we him whose love divine Gives his sacred blood for wine, Gives his body for the feast, Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
- 2 Where the paschal blood is poured, Death's dark angel sheathes his sword; Israel's hosts triumphant go Through the wave that drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose blood we shed, Paschal Victim, paschal Bread; With sincerity and love Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
 Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,
 Thou hast brought us life and light;
 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Risen Lord! to thee we raise;
 Holy Father! praise to thee
 With the Spirit ever be.

Father, a Weary Heart. Tune, Lebanon.

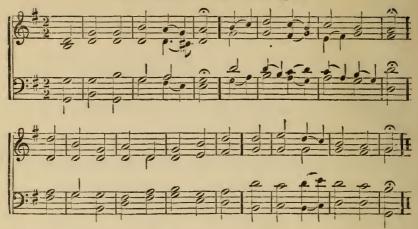
- I Father, a weary heart
 Hath come to thee for peace;
 The world hath not the healing art
 To bid its troubles cease;
 It brings before thy throne
 Its weight of woe and care;
 Do thou accept its pleading tone—
 The contrite sinner's prayer.
- 2 Father—it hath rebelled, Hath wandered from thy path, Nor heeded when the thunder swelled The tempest of thy wrath; But now, a bruised thing, Neglected, pale, and bare,

Lo. at thy footstool it doth bring The contrite sinner's prayer.

3 Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the blest;
Peace to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary rest:

Through Christ's atonement given, It trusteth yet to share The glorious heritage of heaven, By lowly, contrite prayer.

St. Thomas. S. M.



422 My Soul, Repeat His Praise.

- I My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Cur highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins, And his forgiving love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
 To those who fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.

423 Jesus, Who Knows Full Well.

- I Jesus, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear, We never plead in vain:Yet we must wait till he appear, And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest, Why should we longer wait? He bids us never give him rest, But be importunate.
- 4 Jesus the Lord will hear His chosen, when they cry; Yes, though he may awhile forbear, He'll help them from on high.

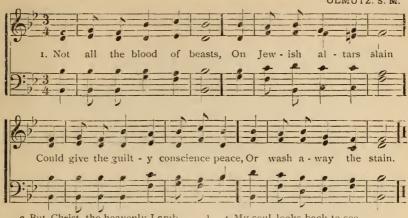
424 Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

- I Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise, Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.
- 3 My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing herself away To everlasting bliss.

425 Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

- I Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the darkness from our minds, And open thou our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life on every part, And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son and Thee.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away;
- A sacrifice of nobler name, And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine, While, like a penitent, I stand, And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the accursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

Laban. S. M.



427 Come, We that Love the Lord.

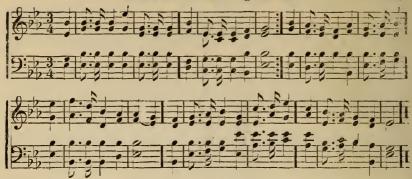
- 1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The men of grace have found Glory begun below: Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The hill of Sion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry; ground
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.

428 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

- r My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er, Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thine arduous work will not be **done** Till thou hast got the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God:
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode

Living Hymns, 2-V

321



429 I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

I I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest,-Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast: I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad:

I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, I am this dark world's light,-Look unto me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright: I looked to Jesus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun;

And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done.

430 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

I Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee? Oh, when, thou city of my God! Shall I thy courts ascend? Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band. Jerusalem, my happy home, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

431 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea; And linger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes: Could we but climb where Moses stood. And view the landscape o'er, [flood, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold Should fright us from the shore.

432Whilst Thee I seek.

I Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes stilled, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed. To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, That mercy I adore.

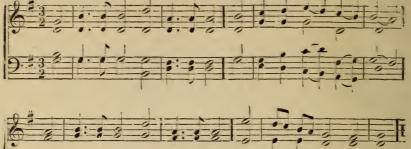
2 In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see; Each blessing to my soul most dear, Because conferred by thee. In every joy that crowns my days,

In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.



Within thy house forever!

Woodstock. C. M.





436 I Love to Steal Awhile Away

- I love to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed The penitential tear, And all his promises to plead, Where none but God can hear.
- 5 Hove to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows east On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect does my strength renew While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.

437 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

- I See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand With all-engaging charms! Hark, how he calls the tender lambs And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name, For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands And yield them up to thee; Joyiul that we curselves are thine, — Thine let our offspring be.

1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
2. I ask thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise,
3. I ask thee for the daily strength, To none that ask de - nied,
4. And if some things I do not ask A - mong my blessings be,

324



- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.





- 2 "My times are in thy hand," Whatever they may be; Pleasing or painful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand;" Why should I doubt or fear? My father's hand will never cause His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in thy hand,"
 Jesus, the crucified!
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 "My times are in thy hand;"
 I'll always trust in thee;
 And, after death, at thy right hand
 I shall forever be.

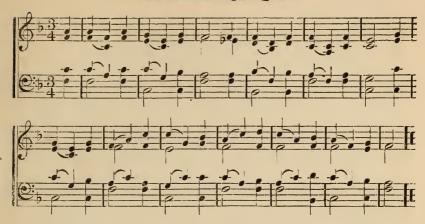
441 0 Lord, Thy Perfect Word

- O Lord, thy perfect word Directs our steps aright,
 Nor can all other books afford Such profit and delight
- Celestial beams it sheds,
 To cheer this vale below:
 To distant lands its glory spreads,
 And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts, Commands our hope and fear; Oh, may we hide it in our hearts, And feel its influence there.

442 Not what I feel or do

- I Not what I fee or do Can give me peace with God; Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears Can bear my awful load.
- 2 Thy work alone, O Christ. Can ease this weight of sin, Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.
- 3 'Tis Christ who saveth me; And freely pardon gives; I love because he loveth me, I live because he lives.

Dennis. S. M.



443 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

- I Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

444 How Gentle God's Commands!

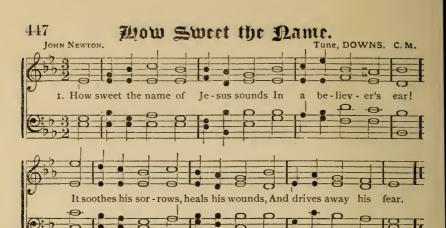
- How gentle God's commands!
 How kind his precepts are!
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
 His saints securely dwell;
 That hand which bears creation up,
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne, And peace and comfort find!
- 4 His goodness stands approved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll drop my burden at his feet, And bear a song away.

445 Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

- Sow in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or early sown; Grace keeps the precious germ alive, When and wherever strown.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall foster and mature the grain For garners in the sky.
- 4 Then, when the glorious end, The day of God, shall come, The angel reapers shall descend, And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

446 Did Christ o'er Sinners weep.

- I Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears The wondering angels see! Be thou astonished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear: In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.
- My shield and hiding-place; My never-failing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring!
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build, 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim With every fleeting breath; So shall the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.

448 0 that the Lord would Guide.

- I O that the Lord would guide my way To keep his statutes still! Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
- 2 Oh, send thy Spirit down to write Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere: Let sin have no dominion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 My soul hath gone too far astray, My feet too often slip; Yet, since I've not forgot thy way, Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands, 'Tis a delightful road; Nor let my head, or heart, or hands Offend against my God.

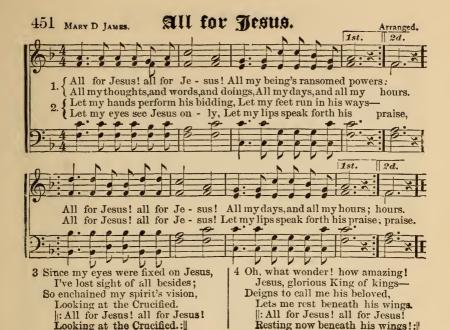
449 Plunged in a Gulf.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and—oh, amazing love!— He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above. With joyful haste he fled, Entered the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.

450 The Saviour Calls; let every Ear.

- I The Saviour calls; let every ear Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice; The gracious call obey; Mercy invites to heavenly joys,-And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts; To thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss that love imparts, And drink, and never die.

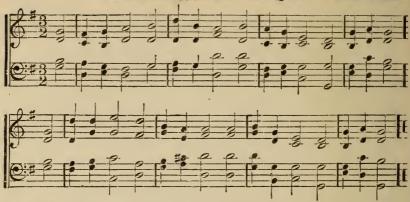


452 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

- 1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 Oh, what words I hear him say!
 Happy place! so near, so precious!
 May it find me there each day!
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 I would look upon the past;
 For his love has been so gracious,
 It has won my heart at last.
- 2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 Where can mortal be more blest?
 There I lay my sins and sorrows,
 And, when weary, find sweet rest.
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
 There I love to weep and pray,
 While I from his fulness gather
 Grace and comfort every day.
- 3 Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me,
 As I sit low at thy feet;
 Oh! look down in love upon me;
 Let me see thy face so sweet.
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;
 Make me holy as he is:
 May I prove I've been with Jesus,
 Who is all my righteousness!

453 While in Different Paths Dividing.

- 1 While in different paths dividing,
 We our pilgrimage pursue,
 May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
 Keep his scattered flock in view!
 May the bond of blest communion
 Every distant soul embrace,
 Till in everlasting union,
 We attain our resting place.
- 2 Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
 In companionship to move,
 One pure flame each heart pervading
 One, our Lord, our faith, our love;
 Sweet when each can bend, imploring
 Solace for our brother's pain,
 And, the stumbling foot restoring,
 Cheer him to the race again.
- 3 We may part in tearful sadness,
 Bearing forth the precious grain,
 But we shall return with gladness,
 Bringing harvest sheaves again.
 Thus, though fond affection weepeth,
 Faith exalts her cheering voice;
 He that soweth, he that reapeth,
 Soon together shall rejoice.



4540f Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

- I Of him who did salvation bring, I could forever think and sing; Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve; prise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given; Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven: Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood; He closed his eyes to show us God; Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone I shed my tears and make my moan; Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ever dry; Ah! who against thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

455 So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

- So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God, When his salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on his word.

456 Another Six Day's Work is Done.

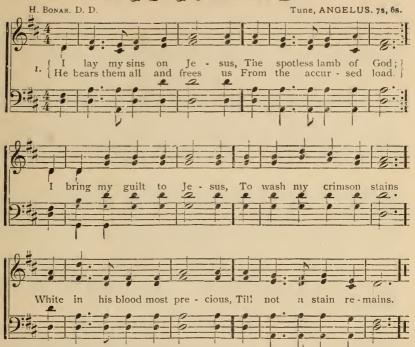
- I Another six days' work is done, Another sabbath is begun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may As grateful incense to the skies, [rise Anddrawfrom heaven that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day, In holy pleasures pass away; How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

457 Thine Earthly Sabbaths.

- Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our longing souls aspire, With ardent love and strong desire.
- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be From every mortal trouble free; No groans shall mingle with the songs Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 Oh, long expected day, begin, Dawn on this world of woe and sin; Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, three in one, Be honor, praise and glory given, By all on earth and all in heaven.



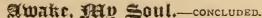
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus; All fulness dwells in him; He healeth my diseases; He doth my soul redeem. I lay my griefs on Jesus, My burdens and my cares; He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

459 I Could Not do Without Thee.

- I could not do without thee, O Saviour of the Lost! Whose precious blood redeemed me At such tremendous cost. My righteousness, my pardon, Thy precious blood must be My only hope and comfort, My glory and my plea.
- 2 I could not do without thee, I cannot stand alone; I have no strength or goodness No wisdom of my own; But thou, beloved Saviour, Art all in all to me; And weakness will be power, If leaning hard on thee.
- 2 I could not do without thee,
 For oh! the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without thee?
 I do not know the way;
 Thou knowest and thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

In the Your of Trial.

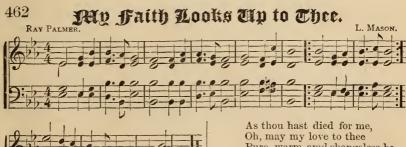






3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes. Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud. He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!





Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire!

Pure, warm, amd changeless be-A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread. And griefs around me spread. Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream. When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and distrust remove: Oh, bear me safe above-A ransomed soul!

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



- 1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
- 2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
- 3. So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and





dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar-ish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



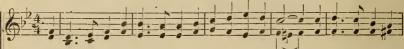


do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me. day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years. an-gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



464 The Son of God Goes Forth.

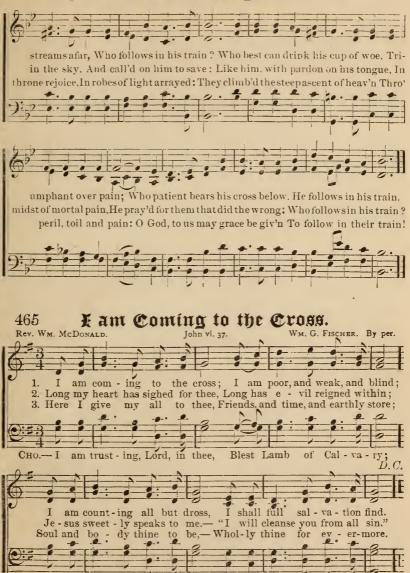
REGINALD HEBER. Dr. H.



- 1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain: His blood-red banner
- 2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye Who saw his Master Could pierce beyond the grave,
- 3. A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Saviour's



The Son of God Goes Forth .-- concluded.

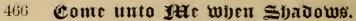


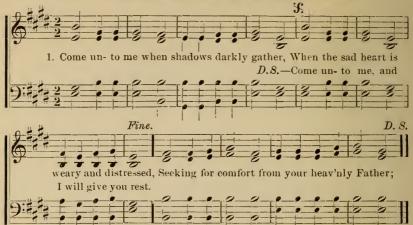
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,

Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

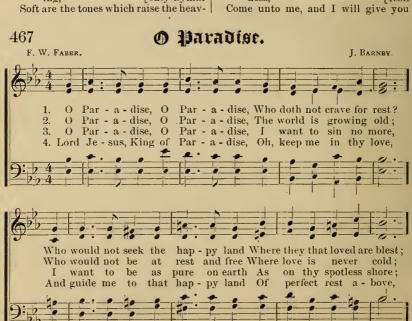
5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul! Perfected in him I am; I am every whit made whole: Glory, glory to the Lamb.



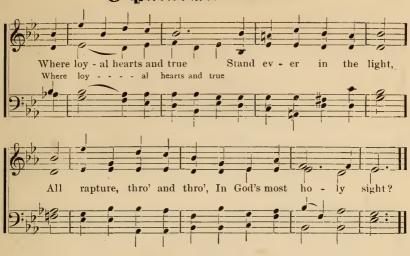


2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's |3 There, like an Eden blossoming in dwelling, [dim; Glad are the homes that sorrows never Sweet are the harps in holy music swell-[enly hymn.

gladness, frudely pressed: Bloom the fair flowers the earth too Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness. Come unto me, and I will give you



@ Baradist.—concluded.



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All Praise to Thee.



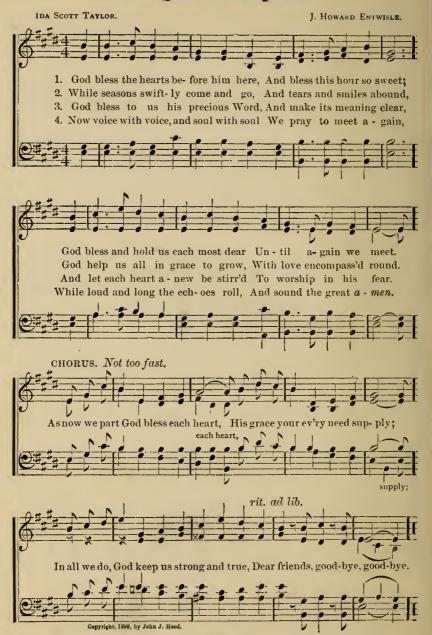
- All praise to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;
- 3. Oh, may my soul on thee repose, And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:



Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath thy own al - mighty wings. That with the world, myself and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. Sleep that may me more vig'rous make To serve my God when I awake.



- 4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly tho'ts supply;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
- 5 Oh, when shall I in endless day
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns with the supernal choir
 Incessant sing, and never tire!



SELEGTIONS OF SGRIPTURE.

No 1.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

No 2.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. v: 3-12.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:

For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:

For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:

For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ve, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heavenfor so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No3.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus xx.

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

FIRST.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

SECOND.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them. nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me; And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

THIRD.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

FOURTH.

Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

FIFTH

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

SIXTH.

Thou shalt not kill.

SEVENTH.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

EIGHTH.

Thou shalt not steal.

NINTH.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

TENTII.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No 4. PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

340

PSALM C

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

NO 6. PRAISE.

Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

I will bless the Lord at all times ; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

While I live will I praise the Lord:

I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

O come let us make a joyful noise unto the God of our salvation.

O Lord, open thou my lips: and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

No 7. PRAYER.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.

Evening and morning and at noon will I pray.

Watch, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks.

Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

After this manner therefore pray ye.

No 8.

GOD'S WORD.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Show me thy way, O Lord; teach me thy path.

The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law Thy word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it.

For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

NO 9. GIVING.

Freely ye have received, freely give.

For God loveth a cheerful giver.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord.

The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.

Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all

thine increase.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in

No 10. SALVATION.

time of trouble.

All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:

The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life.

That whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved.

No 11.

PROMISES.

I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.

No 12. MISSIONS.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come.

Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

The field is the world: the good seed are the children of the kingdom.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

No 13.

TEMPTATION.

Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

No 14. TEMPERANCE.

Wine is a mocker.

Strong drink is raging;

And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;

He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

Be not among wine-bibbers;

Among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty;

Who hath woe?

Who hath sorrow?

Who hath contentions?

Who hath babblings?

Who hath wounds without cause?

Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine;

They that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Touch not; taste not; handle not;

Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

Ps. lxxii.

- LEADER.—Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.
- School.—He shall judge thy people with righteousness and thy poor with judgment.
- L.—The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.
- S.—He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.
- L.—They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.
- S.—He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.
- L.—In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
- S.—He shall have dominion also from sea so sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.
- L.—They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.
- S.—The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
- L.—Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.
- S.—For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.
- L.—He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.
- S.—He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.
- L.—And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.
- **S.**—There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
- L.—His name shall endure forever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.
- S.—Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.
- ALL.—And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen.

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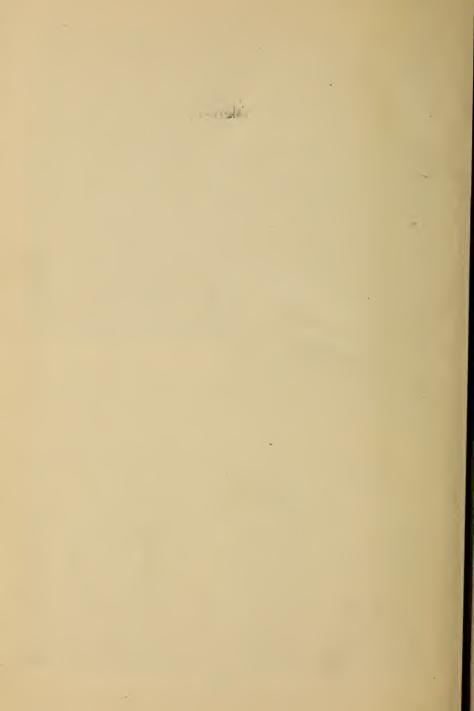
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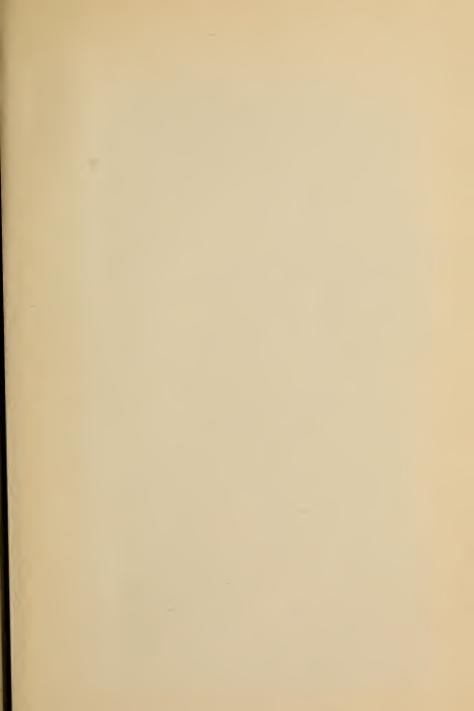
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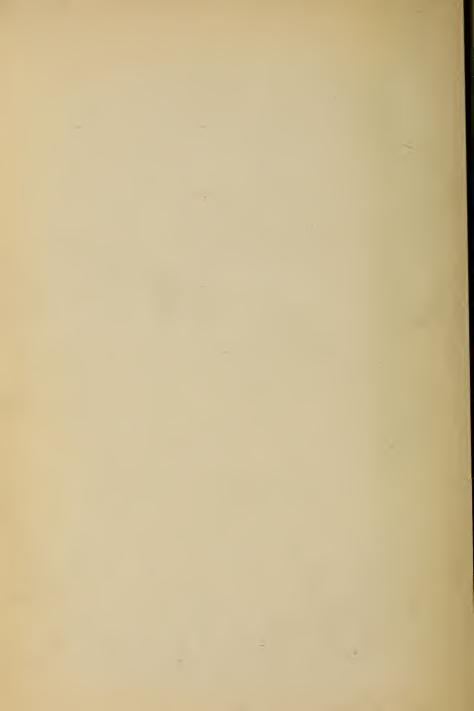
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